The Outlook

DECEMBER 22, 1915

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THE STORY OF THE WAR: THE AUSTRIAN NOTE

More threatening in language and more forceful in tone than any of the many diplomatic epistles which the American Government has despatched to the Government of Germany in regard to the illegal and inhumane submarine warfare which that nation began ten months ago, the American note to Austria calling for prompt amends for the sinking, by an alleged Austrian submarine, of the Italian-American liner Ancona with American passengers on board, is necessarily discounted by the Administration's record for much talk and little action so far as matters of this kind are concerned. It is unfortunate that there is ground for a common criticism occasioned in England by this note, and well illustrated by comment from the London "Daily Express" and the London "Daily Chronicle." The "Express" says: "The note would have been more impressive if it had been addressed to the Power capable of injuring the United States instead of its ally, from which the United States has nothing to fear. . . . Germany may sin with practical impunity, but woe betide Austria if she follows in her friend's footsteps!" And the "Chronicle" remarks that "both President Wilson's description of the outrage and his demands are perfectly justified, but would not both have been even more justified in the Lusitania case? However, we may congratulate the President on his novel vigor. His demand for the punishment of the captain of the submarine may cause a semi-humorous complication behind the scenes should it turn out that he was a German officer commanding a German submarine."

In other words, the Ancona note would command much more respect were it the first document of its kind that has been issued from Washington. The Austro-Hungarian Government is told that the statement of its own Admiralty, which has received "careful consideration" by the United States, "substantially confirms the principal declaration of the survivors, as it admits that the Ancona, after being shelled, was torpedoed and sunk while persons were still on board," and that, therefore,

> As the good relations of the two countries must rest upon a common regard for law and humanity, the Government of the United States cannot be expected to do otherwise than to demand that the Imperial and Royal Government denounce the sinking of the Ancona as an illegal and indefensible act; that the officer who perpetrated the deed be punished, and that reparation by the payment of an indemnity be made for the citizens of the United States who were killed or injured by the attack on the vessel.

The note closes with the statement of the American Government's expectation "that the Austro-Hungarian Government, appreciating the gravity of the case, will accede to its demand promptly." On the whole, had not the cry of "Wolf!" been raised so many times before, this warning would be quite convincing.

EBB-TIDE IN THE BALKANS

For the Allies the week has brought only bad news from the Balkan theater. The Teutonic steam-roller which crushed Belgium and Poland has obliterated all Servian nationality on Servian soil, and the remnants of King Peter's army are retiring through Albania and Montenegro. As we go to press the British and French Balkan contingents are retiring down the Vardar Valley toward Salonika, and it is reported that the German-officered Bulgarians have already crossed the Greek border in pursuit. It is not at all unlikely that before this issue of The Outlook is in the hands of its readers a battle will have been fought by hostile armies within the neutral territory of Greece—a battle that may end the neutrality which King Constantine has so jealously cherished. The time is ripe for Germany to press a decision on Greece; and a sweeping victory for the Teutons within Greece's borders now

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would almost oblige Greece to join the enemies of the Allies.

French and British reinforcements still pour into Salonika, and an Italian army is again reported on the Albanian coast, but it is futile to attempt to minimize the gravity of the situation in the Balkans. The Allies are in serious trouble; a little more weight in the scales against them and their entire Balkan venture will utterly fail. If Britain ever needed the stubborn courage and the "bottom" which have been the particular attribute of her armies in past wars, she needs those qualities now.

With the recent defeat of the British expedition against Bagdad, almost the only news of the week to cheer the British is the word that Lord Derby's recruiting scheme has succeeded beyond his fondest hopes and has postponed conscription indefinitely. The official report is not available as this is written, but unofficial estimates have it that about four million men have joined the colors under Lord Derby's plan.

SENATOR LODGE ON CHILDREN VERSUS COTTON

On one of the early days of Congress, Senator Hoke Smith, of Georgia, introduced a resolution calling upon the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations to investigate the obstructions placed by Great Britain upon commerce with the neutral ports of northern Europe, and "to suggest to the Senate what action, if any, they may deem advisable." Senator Smith supported this resolution with a speech in which he criticised in general the action of Great Britain in obstructing the freedom of the seas, and in particular attacked her course in interfering with the cotton trade of Georgia, the interests of which State he represents in the Senate. During the discussion of this resolution Senator Lodge, of Massachusetts, proposed the following amendment:

Resolved further, That the Committee on Foreign Relations be also requested to investigate and report upon the law and the facts involved in the attacks upon or the destruction by belligerents of the following vessels: The Gulflight, Falaba, Lusitania, Arabic, Ancona, Hesperian, and Petrolite. And also to investigate and report upon the law and the facts involved in the incidents referred to by the President of the United States in his annual message, when he said, referring to certain persons: "They have formed plots to destroy property; they have entered into conspiracies against the neutrality of the Government; they have sought to pry into every confidential transaction of the Government in order to serve interests alien to our own."

Senator Lodge supported his amendment in the following language: "I wish to extend the scope of the resolution by my amendment, because if we are to take up this question of the violation of our rights, I want to put it not on the lowest ground alone, but on the highest ground as well. I think it is of great importance that we should vindicate our rights as a neutral in trade if those rights have been violated, but I think it is far more important that we should extend protection and assure security to American citizens wherever they rightfully are, for I do not believe that any government can long retain the respect of its own people if it does not give them the protection to which they are entitled.

"I think Americans should be protected in their lives and in their liberty everywhere. I do not think they ought to be murdered in detail and obscurely in Mexico or openly and wholesale on the high seas.

"Although I am as anxious as any one can be to care for our rights in trade if they are violated, to me American lives are more important than American dollars. The body of an innocent child floating dead on the water, the victim of the destruction of an unarmed vessel, is to me a more poignant and a more tragic spectacle than an unsold bale of cotton.

"If this investigation is to go on, and especially if Congress is to take action, I want it to take in all the violations of our rights that may have occurred. The most important is the violation which has affected American lives or the security of an American citizen—man, woman, or child—and the next most important are those pointed out by the President of the United States in his message the other day, when he referred to the destruction of property, accompanied by destruction of life, in the United States, and stated that conspiracies in alien interests are going on within our own borders.

"I think if we are to investigate and inquire with a view to action, such deeds as these should not be omitted. I am not willing to get into a passion over an infringement of our trade and then allow American citizens to lose their lives and pass it by in frigid silence.

"I do not wish to see this country, when it

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looks into the book of time, close the pages on which are written the outrages that have been committed against American citizens in Mexico and on the high seas, and be blind to what is written there and fix its whole attention on the pages where is reckoned up the profit and loss account in dollars. I think the United States stands for something higher in the world than mere trade and mere dollars. I do not want to see our citizens wronged in their property, but I think we should also stand, and above all, for morality and humanity in the dealings of nations with each other."

Senator Smith accepted the amendment with an explanation that he too is anxious to protect the lives of American citizens.

EFFECT OF SENATOR LODGE'S SPEECH

The cold and factual pages of the "Congressional Record" in which this episode is reported do not, because they cannot, convey an idea of the profound impression which Senator Lodge's amendment and speech made upon the Senate. We hope that the Committee on Foreign Relations will act quickly in order that the American public may know just what our own Government and the Government of Germany are doing in the Lusitania case. Perhaps the investigation of this Committee will clear up a phrase in the note to Austria signed by Mr. Lansing, the Secretary of State, on December 6. The phrase in question is this: "The attitude of the Government of the United States as to the use of submarines in attacking vessels of commerce and *the acquiescence of Germany in that attitude.*"

If the Secretary of State has any facts which justify his belief that Germany has acquiesced, the American public is entitled to know them. The Outlook is not aware of, nor can it discover by the most careful inquiry, any such facts.

The American attitude has been clearly stated over and over again in the President's notes. It is that any killing of non-combatants on merchant vessels is contrary to international law and the law of humanity; and the President also stated that if the lives of American citizens are even placed in jeopardy by such acts, we shall regard it as a serious offense. Germany has made a partial concession, namely, that she will not sink passenger ships. She has not agreed to refrain from firing on other merchant ships, and she does not care whether or not American sailors on such ships are killed. The Germans may now very properly assume from Mr. Lansing's phrase in the Austrian note that the United States is tamely acquiescing in the killing of non-combatants, and American non-combatants at that, provided they do not happen to be cabin passengers on a liner. We hope the Senate Committee will be able to find out from the Secretary of State just what he means.

MILITARY OBLIGATION

During the next few weeks, while Congress is considering the problems of National defense, the question of his military obligation will inevitably be brought home to every citizen. The question of obligation is a very simple one; that of how best to fulfill the obligation is complex. Every man can say for himself, "I will serve my country to the best of my ability." But most men must be experts to determine how and where they can serve their country. Two books have been recently published which, better than any others we know of, throw light upon both the simple and complex aspects of this general problem.

The first is by Frederic Louis Huidekoper, is published by the Macmillan Company, of New York, and is entitled "The Military Unpreparedness of the United States." It is a history of the army policies and activities of this country from colonial times to the present year. With its appendices it forms a volume of over seven hundred pages. The man who reads it will have a very clear and in some respects a detailed knowledge of what part the army has played in the development of American democracy. It is a valuable source of information.

The second book, of only seventy pages, published by the Princeton University Press, is primarily a source of inspiration. It is entitled "The Military Obligation of Citizenship," and the author is Major-General Leonard Wood. We wish that every American citizen could read this little volume. The man who reads it will be better prepared to support or criticise the course of his Representative in Congress on the great question of National defense, which will be the predominant question in the Sixty-fourth Congress.

AMERICAN SECURITIES AND THE WAR

Estimates as to the value of American securities held in England range from two to

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five billion dollars. The last-named amount is probably nearer the mark. In much recent discussion of the Anglo-French loan for £100,000,000 placed in America these foreign-held American securities are referred to as though they were an available asset, if need be, on which money could be borrowed by the British Government. One American weekly of large circulation questions the strategy of the American bankers in underwriting an "unsecured" loan while these American securities are still abroad, because "the borrowers are in a position to draw a great sum later on by selling their American securities."

In the first place, the "borrowers" at the present time are the English and French Governments. In the second place, the securities referred to are the private property of individual Englishmen and Frenchmen, and as such are not available as security for government loans now or at any other time, excepting through a voluntary surrender either for temporary use or as a gift, a most improbable act of individual patriotism or charity. The fact is that the owners of these securities are keeping a tighter hold than ever over this form of property, and, it may be added, millions of these securities owned abroad have never left the United States since they were purchased. They are to be found in the safe deposit vaults of the American banks and trust companies; have been used as collateral for American money borrowed, or to represent the necessary subscribed capital of industrial concerns. Many of these securities are kept in the United States to make it easier for their owners to avoid the payment of income tax in England and in France.

By what financial jugglery the English and French Governments would be able to pledge these securities for government loans passes understanding, and doubtless the English Chancellor of the Exchequer would be vastly pleased to learn of a process which would bring so much money at once and so easily into the national bank account. Notwithstanding the need for money on the part of the individual Englishman for increased living expenses, increased taxes, and for investment in the war loans of his own country, a surprisingly small amount of American securities held abroad have been sold since August 4, 1914. They are evidently still looked upon as the best investment for the money, as being farthest removed from the war zone and the heavy hand of the European tax-gatherer. It is more than possible that as the war goes on more of these securities will be sold by their owners to meet increasing deficit in income and that after the war they will be sold to pay the expenses of a reconstruction of industry. In the meanwhile, however, they are not and never can be made available by a government as security for a government loan.

PLANS FOR ARMY REFORM

The report of the Secretary of War has been published, and with it a statement prepared by the War College Division of the General Staff. Secretary Garrison's report covers the work of the army for the past year, discusses the philosophy of preparedness with a clearness and conclusiveness which furnishes very tangible evidence of keen thinking and sound reasoning, and then proceeds to specific recommendations as to the military needs of the country. Secretary Garrison's recommendations have been already widely discussed in the daily press; indeed, for some months the outline of the plan which he recommends in his report has been before the country. Briefly, his plan provides for a regular army of 141,000 men and officers, and a volunteer continental army of 400,000 men obligated for two months' training for three successive years.

Comparing this plan with that advocated by the War College, the wide margin of difference becomes at once manifest. Secretary Garrison's theory of National defense cannot be criticised. It appears, however, that in modifying the recommendations of those experts to whom the Nation must look for adequate guidance, he has paid more attention to the dictates of financial expediency than to the necessary demands of National policy.

After a careful analysis of the military strength of foreign powers and the ability of those powers to transport an invading army to the United States, the War College recommends a regular army for foreign and domestic service of 230,000 men, 195,500 of whom shall be in the mobile army and 34,500 of whom shall be in the Coast Artillery Corps. The War College further recommends a reserve for the regular army of 379,000 men, who, including only those troops within the continental limits of the United States, would provide a real first line of defense of 500,000 men. In addition to these regular troops,

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the War College recommends a continental army of 500,000, a continental army which, however, differs from that recommended by the Secretary in that the plan of the War College provides for a total of nine months' training instead of six. Even with this advantage, these partially trained troops would require at least three months' more training before they could be used in war. The recommendations concerning the Organized Militia deal largely with matters of legal status and methods of utilization. Together with these recommendations concerning the increased personnel of the army, the War College makes recommendations for providing an adequate reserve of material.

Secretary Garrison is to be congratulated on the opportunity which he has given the public for studying the exact recommendations of the General Staff as prepared by the War College. Until the country is ready to accept the advice of its trained experts it will continue, as in the past, in a defenseless condition against the active aggression of any first-class foreign power.

The discussion of the plan recommended by the Secretary and the plan advocated by the War College will grow in interest and importance throughout this next session of Congress. It would be difficult to prophesy what Congress will accomplish. It is easy to prophesy that any plan of military preparedness that is adopted which does not provide for the assumption of universal responsibility for National defense will work a hardship upon patriotic citizens, and a benefit to those otherwise inclined. A "citizenry trained and accustomed to arms" must be made more than a campaign ideal. It must be made a fact.

SECRETARY LANE'S REPORT

To the man interested in the politico-social problems of the time perhaps the most striking feature of the report of the Secretary of the Interior is that it again records Secretary Lane as a strong Nationalist. He not only approves of the "intense nationalism" which "has been the marking note of the past year," but he believes in the necessity for a stronger effort toward the coordination of our people in their industrial and social life. He urges the extension of the policy of leasing our natural resources, such as forests, coal mines, oil wells, and water powers, for private development and operation under the control and regulation of the Government which holds the fee. This system, he believes, and The Outlook heartily agrees with him, will combine present industrial development with future conservation in the only practical way in which it can be done. In other words, the relation of the Government to private individuals in regard to public wealth should be that of a landlord instead of a donor.

Secretary Lane discusses another subject equally important to the country. The Bureau of Education is a subdivision of the Department of the Interior. Secretary Lane urges a National campaign in favor of rural schools. "The old-fashioned one-room school-house which holds forty or fifty ungraded pupils, having but a single teacher who knows nothing but books, is not a modern institution, though great men have issued from its door."

How can the schools of a county be so coordinated and combined as to make them efficient tools? What should be the standard for a teacher's qualifications? How may children be brought to and taken from the school to distant homes at the least expense? To what extent should the teaching be out of doors and the "examples" those of real life? How can the boy learn that there is adventure in farm life as well as in the city?—for adventure he will have. To what uses may the school building be put as a community center for the neighborhood dance, lecture, or moving-picture show, or, perhaps, as the home of a co-operative buying or marketing organization? These are but a few of the questions which many men have tried to answer, and there have been some successful experiments made and right answers given.

Secretary Lane rightly says that it is a hopeless task for local school boards to answer these questions. He believes that if the Department of the Interior could have as little as one hundred thousand dollars a year for two or three years it could "conduct a campaign for a new kind of rural school that would work little less than a revolution in rural life." "The quickest and surest way to set this country aflame with zeal for a better type of country school would be to show the teachers such schools, make them live in them and learn from them by seeing them in action." The hundred thousand dollars could be partly used in taking "ten live men or women from each State for a month's study of the most modern rural schools." These are very simple, practical suggestions; they

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ought to be carried out and we hope they will be.

OSCAR STRAUS, PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSIONER

Oscar S. Straus, formerly Secretary of Commerce and Labor, and Ambassador of Turkey, has accepted the office of Chairman of the Public Service Commission of the First District of New York State, comprising New York City. In making this appointment Governor Whitman has rendered a service to the whole country.

When Charles E. Hughes, now Justice of the United States Supreme Court, became Governor of the State of New York, he set to work to create a body for the administrative control of what are generally known as public utility corporations. The Legislature established two Public Service Commissions, one for New York City and one for the rest of the State. Critics of this plan asserted, and events have justified their fears, that an inefficient Governor could destroy the character of these Commissions by using his appointive power for political purposes. The plain answer to this was that the people must elect good Governors. Governor Hughes's commissioners were admirable. But, partly because of stupidity and partly because of the machinations of the bosses, the people elected John A. Dix Governor and two years later William Sulzer. Their appointments reduced the two Commissions to such a low level that the situation in New York City has attained the proportions of a scandal, the Chairman has been removed, and popular confidence has been shaken in the very commission plan itself. The way to rehabilitate the policy of regulation by commission is not to abolish the Commissions, but to appoint good commissioners. This is exactly what Governor Whitman has begun to do by the appointment of Oscar Straus.

How high Oscar Straus stands in public esteem may be gathered from the mere statement of certain facts in his career. Born in Bavaria, the son of a revolutionary of 1848, he came to this country when he was a little child. After a boyhood in Georgia and in Ohio, Oscar Straus graduated from Columbia College in New York City, studied law, and then became a member of his father's mercantile firm. In 1884 he was active in the support of Grover Cleveland's Presidential campaign, and by Mr. Cleveland was later appointed Minister to Turkey. Although taking this office under a Democrat, he was reappointed by two Republican Presidents, Harrison and McKinley, to the same office. In 1906 he was called by President Roosevelt to the head of the newly created Department of Commerce and Labor, which he made one of the most human of governmental departments. When Mr. Taft became President, Mr. Straus was again sent to Turkey, this time as Ambassador. There he served with the greatest acceptance under most delicate circumstances. After the formation of the Progressive party he was chosen by that party to be its candidate for Governor of New York. Since then he has served on the arbitration board which decided one of the most acute and extensive labor controversies in the history of the country—the threatened engineers' strike of 1912. He has lectured at universities, has received from three of them the degree of LL.D., was active in the foundation of the National Civic Federation, and is the author of books on religious liberty and diplomacy.

If anybody in the country has a record for non-partisanship, Oscar Straus has that record, and his appointment is as non-partisan as any appointment could possibly be. His acceptance of this appointment will renew throughout the country faith in popular self-government.

A MEMORIAL TO JACOB A. RIIS

When Jacob A. Riis died on May 26, 1914, Theodore Roosevelt said of him: "If I were asked to name a fellow-man who came nearest to being the ideal American citizen, I should name Jacob Riis." He was an immigrant who came from Denmark in 1870, and contributed to the development of the brotherhood spirit in the life of New York in a hundred different ways.

One of the most delightful things he did was to establish in 1913 a public celebration of the coming in of the New Year in Madison Square. His idea was that there should be opportunity given to the crowd to render a reverent welcome to the New Year. He believed that if the people had a fair chance to sing they would not long tolerate the noisy blowing of horns and the general uproar and bacchanalian revels that have made New Year's Eve a nightmare to law-abiding citizens. Over seven thousand people gathered in Madison Square for the song celebration which he organized in 1913, and just before midnight stood for one moment in complete

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

From the Berliner Tageblatt

THE GREAT NEW WAR PLAN

It is as big as it is simple, it is as clear as it is easy, but —we can't exactly think of it!

GERMANY THINKS THAT JOFFRE, THE CZAR, KITCHENER, AND CADORNA ARE AT THEIR WITS' END

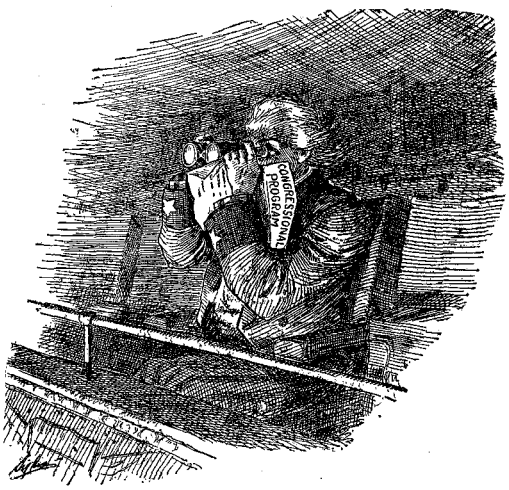
From Le Pêle-Mêle (Paris)

YESTERDAY AND TO-DAY

The Great One of the Past: "Ah, if I had only had these playthings!"

NAPOLEON WAS BORN TOO SOON!

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Ledger



THE CURTAIN RISES

UNCLE SAM AT HIS GREATEST SHOW

Kirby in the New York World

THE SNAKE IN THE PATH

DISLOYAL AMERICANS MUST BEWARE!

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CARTOONS OF THE WEEK

Sykes in the Philadelphia Evening Ledger

"THAT'LL HELP SOME!"

A LOT MORE MAY HAVE TO BE DRAWN!

From Punch (London)

Non-Commissioned Officer: "'Ere, are you an artist, or a poet or anythink?"
Recruit: "No, sir."
Non-Commissioned Officer: "Well, get yer 'air cut by next parade, then."

IT TAKES SOME WORK TO GET A REAL TOMMY ATKINS INTO SHAPE

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silence watching the hands of the great clock on the Metropolitan tower. As the chimes rang out the crowd joined enthusiastically in the singing of "America." As the crowd began to disperse, Jacob Riis turned to a friend at his elbow and said, "Will they keep it up, do you think?"

Before another year had passed Jacob Riis had died, but on New Year's Eve, 1914, his friends gathered again in Madison Square, and instead of seven thousand there were ten thousand. As quietly as if in a great cathedral, they again watched the clock in silence. That moment of silence was their memorial to Jacob A. Riis.

The same celebration of New Year's Eve will be carried out in Madison Square again this year under the auspices of a committee, of which Colonel Roosevelt has gladly consented to act as permanent Honorary Chairman. In view of the great depression caused by the war, it is desired that the coming celebration shall be especially full of the good cheer of brotherhood. It is hoped that a feature of the celebration will consist of representatives of near-by colleges and universities who will sing college songs for half an hour before the more serious programme begins. The words of the songs which are sung are to be thrown on a screen by a powerful light so that the whole assembly can join in the celebration. One interesting item of the programme will be the singing of the following New Year's hymn, written by Jean Dwight Franklin for this special purpose, set to music by Percy Lee Atherton, and dedicated to the memory of Mr. Riis:

"Lord God of Time, look down and bless
Thy people as with eagerness
The New Year we await;
Bid noise and shout and discord cease,
That, for the moment, reverent peace
Our souls may dominate.

Our Island City fair doth lie—
Her towers rise white against the sky;
Make us her guardians true;
That we may uproot all that mars
And blurs her vision of the stars
And hides her Heaven blue.

The Year approaching is our own—
Within its bounds lie foes unknown;
Lord, who didst conquer sin,
Give us courage for the fight,
To crush the Wrong, uphold the Right,
And in the end—to win."

The expense of the celebration is not large, but it is something. Those who cannot be present and yet would like to share in this interesting occasion may be glad to send a small contribution of money to Mrs. J. D. Franklin, Chairman New Year's Eve Committee, Jacob A. Riis Settlement, 48 Henry Street, New York City.

RURAL LIFE AND THE FEDERAL COUNCIL OF CHURCHES

President Wilson's speech at the Conference on Church and Country Life, recently held in Columbus under the auspices of the Federal Council of Churches, was a strong appeal for social service by the churches, especially in rural districts. He said:

> I am hoping that the outcome of this Conference and all that we say and do about this important matter may be to remind the Church that it is put into this world, not only to save the individual soul, but to save society also; and it has got to go to work in society with a greater sense of the exigency of the thing than in the case of the individual, because you have got to save society in this world, not in the next. . . . It is a job, therefore, we have got to undertake immediately and work out all the time, and it is the business of the Church.

For three days about four hundred leaders in rural life work probed deep into the problems of the country, and they likewise discussed courageously the remedies which the Church must apply.

On the basis of a recent rural survey of Ohio, it was announced that one of every nine country churches has been abandoned in recent years; only one-third are increasing in membership, and two-thirds have either ceased growing or are dying; eighty-three per cent have less than one hundred members, twenty-one per cent have less than twenty-five, twenty-seven per cent have between twenty-five and fifty, and thirty-four per cent have between fifty and one hundred; only six per cent have individual preachers, while twenty-six per cent share ministers with another church; twenty-three per cent have one-third the time of a minister, twenty-seven per cent have one-quarter time, fourteen per cent have one-fifth time, five per cent have one-sixth time; a large proportion of preachers receive about the same pay as a day laborer. Less than forty per cent of the rural population are church members.

The evils growing out of a narrow sectarianism, "denominational bullies," absentee pastors, farm tenantry, were debated, both

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from the platform and the floor. On the constructive side a plea was made for churches as community centers, the country church and the country girl, the social responsibility of the church, the country church and civic life, financing the country church, and the training of the rural ministry.

The Commission on the Church and Country Life of the Federal Council of Churches, of which Gifford Pinchot is the Chairman, and under whose immediate direction this Conference was held, proposes within the next year or two to institute rural church surveys in every State. With this information as a basis, organized attempts will be made to have rural churches form community federations, in order to attack aggressively the problems of better roads, better farming, agricultural college extension courses, temperance, public health, community beautifying and planning, promotion of co-operation among farmers for buying, selling, and producing, and social and recreational centers.

THE REVIVAL OF QUEBEC

Those who have read Parkman's absorbing historical narratives of the colonizing and exploring work of the French in Canada three hundred years ago are aware of the great importance in those days of Quebec as a seaport and industrial center. During the latter part of the nineteenth century Montreal, farther up the St. Lawrence River, surpassed Quebec as a commercial port. In 1852 Quebec had a "boom" which was based upon the remarkable development of the transatlantic steamship industry. Too much prosperity proved the city's undoing. Citizens of all trades took a hand in shipping and shipbuilding; an era of speculation set in; ships were badly built and carelessly launched; railway facilities were neglected. The result was that steamers came up the St. Lawrence River, passed by Quebec, and discharged their cargoes at Montreal, many not even making Quebec a port of call. The cities on the Great Lakes erected every modern device for the handling and forwarding of crops, and Quebec as a center of commercial activity once more sank into apathy.

The famous old Franco-British city is, however, now taking on a new lease of industrial life. Three years ago a new Board of Harbor Commissioners was created under Sir William Price, a native of Quebec and a successful man of affairs. The purpose of this Harbor Commission is to take advantage of the avenue of transportation opened by the building of the National Transcontinental Railway from Prince Rupert, British Columbia, to Moncton, New Brunswick. This well-constructed railway, upon which already the vast sum of $173,000,000 has been spent, taps the great wheat-fields of the northwest and shortens the distance between Winnipeg and Quebec by over two hundred miles. Railway statisticians, who are always fond of figuring cost estimates, prophesy that this shortening of the line of shipment to Europe from the northwest by way of Quebec means a saving of several million dollars annually to Canadian wheat-growers. A new bridge, one of the factors in this scheme of development, will enable the Transcontinental Railway to discharge grain from its cars directly into European steamers. This great bridge, which has a dramatic history, is being built across the St. Lawrence River three miles below Quebec. Eight years ago, during the early period of construction, a portion of the bridge collapsed, killing eighty workmen. Since then it has been replanned and rebuilt. It will have a cantilever span of eighteen hundred feet, the largest span of its kind in the world, longer by ninety feet than the bridge over the Firth of Forth at Edinburgh. It will bring into the new Union Station at Quebec no fewer than five railways. New harbor works and docks are planned and under construction, a modern railway terminal has been planned, grain elevators have been built, and a graving dock has been erected capable of holding the largest steamer afloat. This renaissance of Quebec and its active development on industrial lines is an interesting and significant illustration of the energy and industry of our Canadian cousins, who have been stimulated rather than disheartened by the burdens of the war.

A REVIEW OF THE BULGARIAN PRESS

The latest numbers of "L'Echo de Bulgarie" contain some interesting excerpts from other Bulgarian papers, most of them, like "L'Echo," being published at Sofia, the Bulgarian capital. These are the first expressions of Bulgarian popular opinion concerning Bulgaria's participation in the war to reach us, the telegrams from that country being, of course, thoroughly censored by the

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Government and presumably only reflecting what that Government wishes to have made public. Nor are the expressions from Bulgarian papers to be taken as entirely reflecting public opinion, owing to the press censorship. However, they doubtless do reflect that opinion much more than do the official Government despatches.

The first thing to strike us is the conviction, as expressed, that the Bulgarians are really, as they have often been called "the Prussians of the Balkans." Says "L'Echo:"

Bulgarians indeed deserve this title by the seriousness of their character, their tenacity in work, and their military virtues. The brave men who reach out their hands across the Servian mountains to us are companions in arms. We are worthy of each other.

"Narod," the organ of the Bulgarian Reformed Socialists, declares:

The Russian dogma that it was necessary to create a powerful Servia in the Balkans, destined to be a rampart against the Austro-German movement, took, in Delcassé's eyes, the aspect of the necessity of making Bulgaria disappear from the map. . . . Now this man is quitting the political scene. Is it not an indication that France is retracing her steps a little, that she wants to make good her faults? . . . In this case she will acquire the right to be treated with indulgence by the conquerors [in this war].

Of course official organs of the Bulgarian Government like the "Narodni Prava" assert that the events now occurring in the Balkans mark the failure of Russian policies in the Near Orient.

OTHER ORGANS

The "Voënni Izvestia" (Bulletin of the Army) says:

When the European conflagration broke out, the Bulgarian people . . . were obsessed by a certain perplexity. They said to themselves: "Is it possible that the two central Powers, relatively small, should fight at one and the same time against powerful Russia, against France; and, above all, against England, supreme on the seas and a Power which can recruit armies on all continents?

As to the actual progress of the war, we fail to find in the excerpts expressions of hatred against Russia, France, or England. Instead, all the emphasis seems laid on the one idea that the Macedonia of the Bulgars must be Bulgarian, and that the Powers which are accomplishing this are the Powers to be trusted. As these Powers have been latterly signally successful, their promises are taken rather than the promises of England, France, Russia, and Italy. "Preporetz," supposed to be inspired by the Democratic leader, Malinoff, says:

The sojourn of the Serbs at Ghevgheli [at the Greek frontier] showed to the Greeks how much stronger their movement towards Salonika is [than ours]; that a state [Servia] which, possessing the valleys of the Vardar and the Morava, is deprived of all exit by sea, and at the same time aspires to become a strong state of ten to twelve millions of people. In view of this great danger, the Greeks have been able to see how relatively slight the danger from Bulgaria is, for Bulgaria, without Salonika, possesses already two ports on the Ægean Sea, and, as to military forces, will not under more favorable circumstances have a larger number of troops than has the Greek nation. Now, a second intervention of Greece against us would permit the aggrandizement of Servia in such proportions that Greece would have to abandon Salonika.

In the same way, in Rumania, we read, no one dreams of making war to assure the Serbs the possession of their domination in Macedonia.

EDUCATION IN TURKEY

The Outlook has already reported the new regulations adopted by the Turkish Government with regard to foreign educational institutions within its borders.

The question of taxation is still pending and the solution may not be easy.

As to instruction, however, with the opening of a new scholastic year the regulation has gone into effect that foreign institutions must teach Turkish as a compulsory subject for all Ottomans. The Syrian Protestant College at Beirût, for instance, where only a small fraction of the students speak the Turkish language or have a desire to study it, has always taught Turkish, but, under the circumstances, never as a compulsory subject. English, Arabic, and French have been taught regularly in the college, English being the language of instruction.

Furthermore, under the new Turkish regulations, non-Christian students can no longer be required to attend exercises of religious instruction and worship, though they may attend voluntarily. On the other hand, all Christians, whether Protestants or not, may be required to attend such exercises and services. Classes in ethics, however, at which attendance is required from all, are

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permitted. Those colleges which have hitherto required all students to be present at chapel and have made Bible instruction a required part of the curriculum will, we are sure, know how to conserve their missionary opportunities, though the situation is one of admitted difficulty and delicacy.

Even during this time of war our institutions in Turkey, outside of Armenia, are doing surprisingly well. The college at Beirût has had a larger attendance than could have been expected. The enrollment for 1914–15 was 817, as compared with 976 for the previous scholastic year. While the college lost a large number of Egyptian students and also many from the medical department whom the Government summoned as sanitary assistants, it gained many from the French and English educational establishments in Beirût, which were closed by order of the Government.

Moreover, the relations of the institution with the Government have remained friendly even while it has been necessary to protest in a number of instances against that Government's action. In all references which officials have made to the application of the educational laws there have been a recognition of the services which this college has rendered to Turkey in the past and not a few expressions of belief that the new regulations will only increase the college's usefulness.

At this time of terrific strain Americans of whatever religious name should be glad that in the distracted Turkish Empire there still remain such outposts of our civilization as Robert College, Constantinople College, and the college at Beirût.

YUAN, EMPEROR

Yuan Shi-kai, President of the Chinese Republic, has accepted the throne of China, tendered to him by the Council of State.

We quote the following pertinent comment on this fact from a letter we have just received from Peking written by an American authority on Asiatic politics:

> Yuan means to be Emperor and always has meant to be Emperor. All Peking is now scrambling to get on the band-wagon and outshouting one another.

In September the Chinese Council of State (often called the Advisory Board) advised the President to call a Citizens' Convention to act on the new Constitution which would settle the question whether China was to remain a republic or become again a monarchy. This question had been more or less discussed ever since the first Parliament under the Republic showed itself inefficient, on which the President dismissed the obstructors and became practical dictator. In this he aroused the resentment of the radicals of southern China, but appealed to the sympathy of many powerful men in the north, who want a constitutional monarchy—a form of government also repeatedly recommended by The Outlook as suited to Chinese needs.

The Government thereupon issued a mandate for a Citizens' Convention, recommended to meet in November, not in one place but in each province, so as to decide the question the more quickly. As an indication of Yuan's ambition and the Government's control, the elections at the end of October for representatives to the National Legislature, or Parliament, were so managed as to shut out the supporters of the Republic. In the rich and intelligent province of Canton, for instance, where republican sentiment is always rife, the "China Press" reports that among thirty-odd million Cantonese only about sixty thousand were deemed eligible to vote. The same machine rule controlled the voting for the Citizens' Convention. The electors were taken from a list prepared by the Government, so we learn, the electors in the several districts voting for members of the Convention, who were also selected from a list of candidates consisting mostly of Government officials and employees. The people, we are told, were silent, "they having known what the result would be before the so-called election, as the qualifications of candidates and voters were decided by the officials," who gave no one else a chance to run as a candidate or even apply for a vote. Hence the result in fifteen out of eighteen provinces was favorable to the monarchy.

THE NEW EMPEROR'S PERILS

Some provincial officials thereupon sent telegrams to Yuan, addressing him as Emperor and calling themselves "Chen," or "your loyal subject," to which Yuan replied: "The change of the form of the government has not been carried out as yet, and therefore such words as "Ti" or "Chen" should not be used, as they will make me feel quite uneasy."

Yuan is supposed to be not only an ambitious but an unscrupulous man. And yet one of the most eminent authorities of China

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assures us that he is honester than his course would seem to indicate, that he is a sincere patriot, and has really tried to do the best he can for China. He has always believed in a centralized government, whether monarchy or republic, and, while doubtless willing to give the Republic a chance, found himself really forced into a dictatorship. While Yuan's Presidency has become despotic, he has evolved considerable order and discipline out of official material usually unadapted to those ends.

There are two perils, however, in the present change. Though the great mass of Chinese care little whether they have a monarchy or a republic, and though the revolution of 1911 was the work of comparatively few men, those men, with their far-reaching influence at home and abroad, will again show themselves unalterably opposed to a monarchy. The inevitable insurrection by the republicans of southern China may again precipitate chaos in all China. This was foreseen by the Governments of Japan, England, France, and Russia in their recent expression of hope that there would be no change in the Chinese Government at the present time because of disturbances of the peace which it would entail, jeopardizing their own interests and those of China.

There are those who say that a second peril may come from Japan. It has been felt by many that she preferred to see a weak China, no matter whether a republic or a monarchy, so as the more emphatically to assure her own leadership. As regards the present change, however, no matter what the ultimate danger to Japanese monarchy in the example of a neighboring republic, the Japanese Imperial House would doubtless hesitate before recognizing a Chinese monarchy with a man not of Imperial blood on the throne.

Be these things as they may, we do not believe that China is going to drop back into the old corrupt Manchu rule.

The European Powers, exhausted by their own conflict, will not desire a China torn by the civil war which would inevitably follow a return of Manchu despotism. European influence will therefore be exerted in favor of a decent liberalism.

Nor does Japan wish to see mediæval despotism in China. However strong Japanese ambitions may be with regard to China, Japanese statesmen, even of the military party, are too sagacious to desire a "Mexicanized" China at their very doors.

CHRISTMAS, 1915

Time, tide, and festivals wait for no man. After all, the inevitableness of the calendar is something which can be accepted with much more than mere philosophic resignation. It puts us in a strait-jacket of action and thought which disciplines us with all the severity of a military martinet. The calendar jogs our memories concerning truths which might otherwise be lost in that lumber room of useless trivialities which bulks so large in every man's mental house. It is quite useless for us to protest that Holy Days—or holidays—should be rearranged to suit our momentary convenience. They come, and, whether or not in tune with our thoughts, we must accept and observe them.

If this is true of each of the minor festivals of the year, it is a thousand times truer of the celebration which falls on the 25th of December. Universal in appeal and significance, even in this time of conflict and disaster, Christmas brings home, sharply, forgotten things which only yesterday were commonplaces of knowledge.

Before the battle-smoke of Europe blotted out so much of that sympathetic understanding which travel and modern means of communication have in the past brought even to those of alien speech and alien heart, both Europe and America acknowledged Germany as the homeland of Christmas observance. Since the laws of Christmas are more fundamental than the laws of governments and less subject to dynastic ambition than the north wind blowing over the snow-covered fir trees of the Black Forest, it may be well to remind ourselves again of the German Christmas which was—and is.

Germany without Christmas—or better Christmas without Germany! For us the one state is as unthinkable as the other. After comparing my experiences, I can but come to the conclusion that there is no country in the world where Christmas flourishes with so much of its old truth, so much of its own true feeling—in fact, where Christmas is so intensely "Christmasy"—as in the Fatherland. . . . I always think of the Christmas spirit as a simple little child, who would be very happy to sing carols beside a tiny shrub in some poor German garret, but would shrink back involuntarily from the offer of gems and rich incense. And it is that childish, open-hearted simplicity which, so it seems to me, makes Christmas essentially German, or at any rate explains why it is that nowhere else in the world does it find so pure an expres-

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sion. The German is himself simple, warm-hearted, unpretentious, with something at the bottom of him which is childlike in the best sense. He is the last "Naturmensch" in civilization, and the "Naturmensch" is always naïve, always single-minded, whether for good or evil.

This is the understanding testimony of one Englishwoman—testimony in regard to the German celebration of Christmas, which those Americans who have known it, either in Germany or transplanted to this country in the homes of Americans of German ancestry, will accept as a picture not overdrawn. Unlike those dread specters that came trooping in upon Scrooge with the phantom of Marley, this picture represents not the ghost, but the living presence of German Christmases past and yet to come. If, behind the veil of poisoned smoke that drifts along the Yser, or the ominous vapor which hangs like a pall over the forges and factories of Essen, we ever lose the vision of that German Christmas we have known, and see instead only a dismal company like that which floated into the room where Scrooge lay sleeping, we shall have indeed grown blind. In Scrooge's room, it will be remembered, "the air was filled with phantoms, wandering hither and thither in restless haste, and moaning as they went. Every one of them wore chains like Marley's ghost; some few [they might be guilty governments] were linked together; none were free."

Such ghosts there are to-day upon the Continent of Europe, but they vanish in thin air at the magic of children's voices singing lustily, "O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum," or lifted in the simple wonder of "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht."

JAPAN AND THE ORIENT

The news from the East makes it more clear than ever that China is in a highly unstable condition of transition. No one, not even the best informed in Chinese matters, can tell at the moment whether the Government of China is to be that of a republic, a constitutional monarchy, or a benevolent despotism. The northern provinces are of monarchical sentiment, the southern provinces republican. A so-called popular election or plebiscite has been held, and General Yuan Shi-kai, the present *de facto* head of the Chinese Government, accepts it as a mandate that he is to be the Chinese monarch. The indecisive character of this popular mandate, however, may be inferred from a recent uprising on a Chinese naval vessel at Shanghai, and from other ominous signs of insurrection in the southern provinces.

All this directs attention again to the part which Japan is now playing and must continue to play in oriental affairs. The oriental and international activities of Japan in the fields of commerce and industry are described by an eminent Japanese authority, Baron Shibusawa, in an article which appears elsewhere in this issue.

How any American who believes in the Monroe Doctrine can fail to appreciate the paramount interest of Japan in the affairs of oriental Asia we cannot understand.

The Monroe Doctrine may be briefly defined as the doctrine that the destinies of the American hemisphere are to be directed by the inhabitants of that hemisphere. By the same token, we do not hesitate to assert that the destinies of oriental Asia are to be directed by its inhabitants.

There rests upon the United States the burden and duty of taking the leading part in sustaining the Monroe Doctrine because it is the oldest, strongest, most efficient, most intelligent, and most resourceful government in the Western Hemisphere. By the same token the burden and duty of sustaining the oriental Monroe Doctrine rest upon Japan because Japan is the most homogeneous, most highly developed, most efficient, and most modern nation in oriental Asia.

If the United States plays its part under the Monroe Doctrine for the benefit of all the inhabitants of the American continents, it is to be praised and commended. If it uses its power for aggrandizement and selfish ends, it is to be condemned and opposed. By the same token, if Japan assumes its burden and does its duty in Korea and Manchuria and exercises its influence upon the Chinese people for the benefit of all the inhabitants of oriental Asia, it should be applauded and supported by the rest of the civilized world.

If, however, there shall come a time when it becomes clear that Japan is using the oriental Monroe Doctrine for selfish and aggressive ends, The Outlook will add its voice of protest to that of the rest of the civilized world.

There is, of course, in Japan, as there is in the United States, a jingo party. It is

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true that there is danger that the militaristic party of Japan, which profoundly admires the autocratic military philosophy of Germany, may endeavor to embody that philosophy in political action towards China. But in the United States, it may be said, there is danger that the sound and reasonable policy of military protection or National defense may be perverted, for example, into aggrandizing attacks upon Mexico or Central America.

The real remedy for this conceivable evil is not a withdrawal by the United States from all attempts to exercise influence on the American continents, but a determination by the American people to see that the influence of their Government is exerted under the Monroe Doctrine for international justice and the common welfare.

So the Japanese people and statesmen must see to it that their relations to China are those of a senior and experienced partner, working with the Chinese in a common enterprise—the development of oriental Asia for the benefit of its inhabitants.

MANY OR ONE

The tremendous area of territory, the complexity of conflicting ambitions, the diversity of nations, involved in the European war have made it difficult for many observers to conceive of this battle of nations as a single struggle. For this reason they fail to measure events at their true worth because they see the war as a series of separate pictures unrelated to any common purpose or aim. Perhaps, in this connection, it may be worth while to make here a comparison of the present war with the conflict which rent our own country a half-century ago.

No one to-day is blind to the fact that our Civil War was essentially a single contest. This fact is not in the least obscured by even the most intimate appreciation of the jealousies between the individual States, by the most minute knowledge of the various campaigns in the East and West, by any disagreement concerning the personality and the character of the generals and statesmen involved, or by the fact that our Civil War directly concerned a territory larger than all of Continental Europe.

Our Civil War was, of course, a war between two leagues of States, just as the war in Europe is a war between the alliance of Turkey, Austria, Bulgaria, and Germany, and the Quadruple Entente. There seems little doubt that the military fortunes of the central Powers are as much under the control of a single governing body as were the military fortunes of the Confederacy or of the Northern Union. There is no evidence that the political factor was of less importance in the outcome in our Civil War than it is proved to be in the vast series of campaigns now progressing along the national boundaries of the European Continent.

To descend from generalities of similarity to particular items, the opening of the Mississippi by Grant and Porter was just as vital a part of the campaign of the North against the South as the fight to open the Dardanelles by the allied fleets and the troops under Sir Ian Hamilton was a part of the conflict between the Entente and the Central Powers. The capture of Vicksburg and of New Orleans can no more be considered as detached events than can the capture of Kuweit or the silencing of the forts that guard the pathway to the Golden Horn. Just as the defeat of Pickett's charge against Missionary Ridge, just as the operations along the extended fortifications which lay between Washington and Richmond, just as the bloody battle of Cold Harbor or the futile and fatal storming of the crater at Petersburg, each played its part in determining the result of our Civil War, just so the battles along the Vistula and the Danube, the Battle of the Marne, the trench war from Switzerland to the sea, is woven into the warp and woof of the great war. Each movement of the shuttle counts, and, whether blindly or knowingly guided, creates a part of a single and unified tapestry of events.

If this is true of the military undertakings of the war, it is no less true of the diplomatic controversies—controversies which are intensified, but not created, by the taking up of the sword. The struggle for supremacy in the Balkans, or the struggle for the political domination of Kansas or the doubtful States of our own Union, is a vital part of any picture that is drawn of the Continental battlefield or the war between the North and the South. Keeping these facts and comparisons in mind, it may be easier to comprehend the interrelation of the many great wars that are but one.

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THE NATIONS AT WAR

I—RUSSIA'S FRIENDS AND FOES

AN INTERVIEW WITH SERGIUS SAZONOFF, RUSSIAN MINISTER OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS, BY GREGORY MASON

A RUSSIAN official who wants not to be interviewed is as inaccessible as the Matterhorn in winter, and, if by chance cornered by his pursuer, is just as obdurate as that frigid pinnacle. But once he does make up his mind to talk, he needs no prompting, and is as fluent and torrential as a mountain brook in April. For weeks I stalked the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs through a labyrinth of red tape and the artificial barriers of officialdom, pulling this wire and that—an Ambassador's recommendation, an under-secretary's intervention, the plea of a royal lady—all in vain. It was a month or two after the Czar had adjourned the Duma; every one was tensely waiting to see whether he would reconvene it within the promised time, and the indignation of the people, which had cooled a little after the first eruption, was beginning to glow again, fanned by the breath of rumors that he would not. Another rumor, increasingly persistent, had it that Sazonoff was insecure in his seat. The Minister of Foreign Affairs was considered too liberal, or rather too much inclined to think that in these critical war times something should be granted of the people's demand for a representative government—so the rumor ran—and therefore he would be removed. For three days his resignation was hourly expected. Petrograd citizens glanced through their papers each morning hurriedly for this piece of news before looking for any other; then the rumor died as suddenly as it had been born, and died with that uncanny thoroughness peculiar to rumors in Russia. No announcement had been made, no "inspired" interview published, yet of a sudden every *isvostschik* (cab driver) knew that Sazonoff was in the saddle again and sitting easily.

I seized this as an auspicious moment to write to the statesman whose star was now palpably waxing, asking directly for an interview. "The American people, undoubtedly pro-Ally in the mass, have heard a good deal of England's view-point toward the war, something of the feelings of Italy and France, but know very little of the sentiments of Russia as to the issues and probable outcome of the conflict," I told the Minister. Assured by the prestige of his new lease of power, perhaps he would think that this occasion offered a useful opportunity for reasserting his position.

At any rate, with little delay a liveried messenger brought an invitation for me to call at the Foreign Office, which is near the eastern tip of the red brick army headquarters buildings that form a great crescent before the Czar's Winter Palace. I was received by an under-secretary, who opened a door and, with the tender manner of a mother bird tipping a fledgling from the nest for its first flight, ushered me into a large, dark room with thick dark-red carpet and dark-red plush furniture, the only light coming from the sole one of the four tall windows which was unshaded.

A man of medium height in a brown sack suit with his hands clasped behind his back was facing the door, his keen, intellectual face fringed by a reddish-brown Van Dyke beard which in that light seemed almost to match the darker carpets and upholstered furniture. The only things unpropitious in the smiling, sensitive, and eminently well bred face were the nose, slightly curved at the tip, and the half-closed eyes, which gave his countenance an air of impenetrable shrewdness.

"In forty minutes I must start for Field Headquarters, where I go to see the Emperor," he said, speaking rapidly in English, which acquired its perfect accent and intonation during the twelve years that he was First Secretary and Chargé d'Affaires at the Russian Embassy in London. "Now, what do you want to talk about?"

"Is the Balkan situation—" I began, but he interrupted.

"The Balkan question is a by-chapter, an incident of the war, not at all the main or deciding issue. The war will be settled where it really began, in Belgium and in Poland."

"But is there not a danger that the war will end leaving Belgium or Poland or both in the possession of Germany?"

"Not the slightest," he replied, his voice rising as his earnestness increased. "The Belgian issue is to England and France what

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the Polish issue is to us, and the three nations must fight till Belgium and Poland are freed, badly mangled, no doubt, from German clutches."

"But how can the invasion of the Balkans by the central Powers be considered merely an incident in the light of the doctrines of Pan-Slavism? Are Russians to abandon their Servian brothers to their fate?"

"Not at all," he cried, and a frown knotted his face; "but the most direct way for Russia to help Servia is to smash the Germans in Poland and hammer them back to Germany."

The newspapers at the time of this interview were full of reports that Russia was on the point of attacking Bulgaria, and it was rumored that Russian forces had already landed near Varna, on the Bulgarian Black Sea coast. Replying to a question as to the truth of these rumors, this man, whose name figured prominently in the polychromatic "papers" of the diplomatic correspondence that preceded the war, said:

"As I have just intimated, the place to strike at Bulgaria is in Poland, and I don't believe there will be a direct invasion of Bulgaria; certainly not on her coast-line, where the natural difficulties are tremendous. But the Balkans are no longer in the zone of diplomacy, and you should seek such information, not from me, but from the military authorities."

"Then there is no longer hope of winning Greece and Rumania by the methods of diplomacy?"

"The Balkan question is now a question for the strategists of the allied General Staffs. A plain show of force will count for much with those little nations. I'm not qualified to speak on matters of strategy, but I can say, however, that Russia is satisfied with the way her allies are helping in the Balkans."

"Do you expect any more nations to enter the war, your Excellency?"

"No, I do not. At least not on Germany's side."

"Won't the Kaiser's royal connections in Greece and Rumania bring him additional allies?"

"No, I'm not worrying about that. I am confident Rumania will keep her faith despite the offers of the perfidious Germans, and despite the machinations of the treacherous Ferdinand of Bulgaria.

"For would it not be absurd," he asked, leaning forward from the big upholstered chair that had almost enveloped him, "for Rumania, with five million people, to attack Russia, with one hundred and eighty million? The most she could hope to gain would be parts of Bessarabia, which in its entirety contains only six hundred thousand Rumanians, and by this she would be only laying up trouble for herself, for Russia will never give up Bessarabia permanently. But if Rumania comes with the Allies she can hope to gain five million Rumanians in Bukowina and Transylvania. Which is the natural choice for her, the adoption of a course which will lead to the creation of a larger, united Rumania, or participation in a costly war for perhaps a few temporary gains in Bessarabia, where the bulk of the population is non-Rumanian and where her roots would never take permanent hold?"

Not once did the Foreign Minister intimate that Russia would even consider making a positive concession to secure the support of Rumania, as it was rumored Turkey gave up control in Turkish Thrace to gain the support of Bulgaria for the Germanic Powers. The whole attitude of this polished gentleman who has been shaping Russia's foreign policies since the outbreak of war was one of injured pride on the defensive when I told him that some people were wondering why the Allies did not make a quick and generous concession to secure Greek and Rumanian support. Why should the Allies make concessions to those little nations? They were the Allies, omnipotent and sufficient unto themselves.

But when asked if his oft-repeated "confidence" in Rumania was confidence in her active support or confidence in her continued neutrality, Sazonoff, who is the brother-in-law of the murdered Premier Stolypin, said:

"Confidence that she will remain neutral."

"And you believe that the Balkan question will not be important at the peace conference after the war?"

"No. Poland and Belgium will be all-important there."

Was the wish father to the thought when Sazonoff said this, and was the pleasant gentleman with the shrewd eyes and well-trimmed russet beard cherishing the hope that, with other matters engaging the attention of her allies at the peace conference, Russia would be left a free hand in the Balkans, long a favorite field for the expression of the autocratic ambitions of the Czars?

I said something about the Armenians and American sympathy for their sufferings.

"No people have ever suffered as the poor

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Armenians have suffered," said the Minister; "not even the Poles and the Belgians, not even the thousands who were slaughtered and whose lands were laid waste at Nero's whim. Within a few months half a million Armenians have been killed because Germany wants to eradicate the Christians in Turkey.

"The cruelty of the Germans is worse than the cruelty of Nero, worse than the cruelty of Turkey, because it is, so to speak, a more civilized cruelty—that is to say, a more refined savagery. The cruelty of Nero was not very efficient, and, although the Turks are barbarians, they are not"—he paused and smiled—"well, not very well organized or very efficient barbarians.

"In four or five hundred years the Armenians have not learned to hate the Turks as they have learned to hate the Germans in one year. Indeed, now, after a year's association with their allies in action, even the Turks themselves hate the Germans, but they know that but for the German General Staff Turkey would have caved in long ago."

"If the Allies could cut through Bulgaria and shut off communication between Berlin and Constantinople, would there not be a good chance of bringing the Turks to a separate peace?" I asked.

Not answering directly, he said: "What if the Germans are getting through to Constantinople? What can they do there? Blocked at the Dardanelles, they can do their cause no good in Constantinople. Their slap at the Balkans, like their campaign in Poland and their submarine warfare, is the desperate floundering effort of an animal at bay. We had to retire before them in Poland and Galicia because we were short of ammunition and guns, and even had to send men into the trenches unarmed, but now the stuff is coming in, and when we get enough we'll scatter the Germans as a heavy hail-storm scatters an old ladies' picnic."

When the question above was repeated, the Foreign Minister replied directly that he feared there was little chance of getting Turkey into a separate peace, but he added, with emphasis and with a characteristic sardonic grin and tightening of the eyelids:

"This will be the end of the Turk in Europe, and it's high time, too. Of course you can't exterminate a whole people in Asia, but the barbarous rule of Turkey in Europe must end forever."

Sazonoff snapped open his watch, and, with the time limit rapidly approaching, the subject was veered to the internal situation in Russia and the question of the loyalty and unity of the many different peoples that make up the Russian Empire.

"Russians are united as never before," said the Minister of Foreign Affairs, his voice lifting, "and are determined to vanquish the Germans, whom all the people, but a few, now recognize as their greatest enemy. The work of the Union of the Zemstvos, which is helping the Government to feed and clothe the soldiers and to care for the wounded, is a splendid example of the wonderful spirit of the people."

"How about the Jews, your Excellency?"

He hesitated, the luster left his eyes, even in that dim light his face seemed to lose some of its color, and his voice certainly lost the ring that it had carried as he replied with little enthusiasm that for the most part the Jews had been loyal, that Russia did not distrust them, that they had already been given some privileges, such as greater freedom to come to the big cities, and that after the war they would be given more. Then his demeanor began to assume something of its former impassioned aspect as he began to defend Russia's historic treatment of the Jews, saying:

"Americans seem to think that the 'Pale' is a very small area, when, as a matter of fact, it is seven times the area of France. Is it a hardship to restrict to a territory seven times as great as France a people of only five millions?"

The Poles were mentioned; his eyes sparkled again and the resonance returned to his voice.

"They have been most loyal; Russia realizes it, and will give them very great concessions after the war. Very great indeed," he added with slow emphasis.

"In this post-bellum distribution of rewards and favors to the peoples of Russia, will not the interests of the Jews and the interests of the Poles conflict?"

"Aha!" he cried, jumping from his chair and rubbing his hands with enthusiasm. "You know the Poles are enemies of the Jews. They have realized the menace of the Jews even better than we. The Poles are a brave, loyal people."

Being asked if the efforts of the Allies had not been hindered by the difficulties that must almost inevitably arise when four great nations at some distance from each other

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attempt to co-operate toward a common goal, he said:

"That's very true. The Allies to-day are handicapped by a lack of co-ordination, just as were the allies against Napoleon. Germany has a great advantage in that she is supreme in her camp; she directs Austria, Turkey, and Bulgaria to her own sweet will. But Austria is not a nation, anyway. She is a heterogeneous mass of assorted individuals guided and dominated by Berlin. Naturally, no one of the Allies is willing to play to any other ally the part that Austria plays to Germany. But the General Staffs of the allied nations are in constant touch with each other, and now that we all have representatives in France there will be more co-operation. We, in conducting our war, are aware of how the English are conducting their war and of how the French are managing their war, and so on."

"Aye, there's the rub," I said. "Is there not too much of the Russian war, English war, French war, and Italian war, and far too little united fighting by the Allies?"

"Undoubtedly. To a greater or less extent such a situation exists whenever two or more nations join forces for a common end. And rest assured that in the camp of our enemies there is not the perfect concord that there may appear to be, and that some Austrians, Turks, and Bulgars are chalking up scores to be settled with their present masters if an opportunity ever appears. As for the Allies, as the war continues, we are knit closer and closer into an amity which will certainly not dissolve with the declaration of peace, for we will need each other's support after the war.

"There will be great need of English and French capital in Russia after the war, and tell your American business men that here is the chance of a century. Germany had an annual trade of seven hundred million rubles with us before the war, and she will never get it back, for the enmity aroused in Russia by her treachery and soulless conniving is too great for even Germany, with all her tricks and guile, to overcome. Here is a chance for England and America which I hope they will see and seize. But, if your business men want to do business with Russians, they will have to do it in the Russian way, and that means plenty of credit. If a Russian has a hundred thousand dollars in his pocket, he wants credit even in a thousand-dollar deal. It is silly, no doubt, but foreigners must bend a little to our foibles if they want to get our business.

"England and Russia made a big mistake in fearing each other for decades before this war. As for me, I've always liked England, quite naturally," he said, with a quick smile, "for I've spent a large part of my life there. Now, at last, England knows that Russia has no designs on India or on a foot of British soil anywhere, and Russia now knows that England has no designs on her.

"England and Russia now both realize that Germany is their real enemy; and let them beware, for the danger from Germany will not cease with this war," he half shouted, and buried his fist in the cushioned arm of his chair.

"How can America best help the cause of the Allies?"

He rose to his feet and began pacing before me, emphasizing his words by a peculiar hunch of the shoulders, or by driving his right fist into his left palm.

"The time when America can help by direct action is past. She can best aid the Allies now by keeping out of the war, by understanding the temper and spirit of the Allies, particularly of Russia, which has been grossly misrepresented to Americans, and by putting at our disposal the surplus products of her farms and factories. But, most of all, she can help us and at the same time most serve her own true interests by frustrating the outrageous internal war that Germany is waging in America."

He stopped short and suddenly glowered at me angrily, as if to make sure there were no Teuton taint in me, then, with rising temper, said,

"How can a nation submit to outrages like the attempts to destroy the steel plant at Bethlehem, and preserve its self-respect?

"The Germans are the gravest menace you have in America. The Germans everywhere are masters of duplicity. Not once since the outbreak of war has their diplomacy been anything but underhand and unfair. In Russia, by calumny, chicanery, and treachery, they have tried to provoke internal disorder, and by every foul means they have tried to separate the Allies."

Again he stopped his pacing, hesitated an instant, like a man on the brink of a cold bath, then, weighing every word, he went on:

"The attempts from without and *from within* to bring Russia to a separate peace

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with Germany have been stronger than the world dreams."

"Have these efforts ceased?"

"By no means; but the crisis has been weathered, the greatest danger is past, for true Russians of all ranks and classes now see this peril clearly and are united to frustrate it."

The sun, breaking through a leaden cloud curtain that had hidden it for eight days, a phenomenon typical of autumn in Petrograd, drove its horizontal rays through the single unshaded window, warming the room as it struck the rich red hangings.

Sazonoff walked toward this window and looked out on the Dvortsovy Square —the wide plaza between the red crescent of the army buildings and the huge brown Winter Palace—wherein Russian recruits were hurling themselves with the bayonet upon sacks of straw suspended from wooden supports or marching up and down in long tan columns with a goosestepping swagger. Directly before us, in the center of the square, was the Alexander Monument, with the tall bronze angel who stands on a monolith of polished red granite 128 feet above the ground while he holds a cross aloft and tramples a serpent underfoot, flaming in the setting sun.

"Since the day when we first felt this conflict upon us I have never been so confident as I am to-day. It is now only a question of time and resources. There are our resources; look at them!" His hand swept over the square and in his face was a pride almost tender.

"Strong, clean-bodied fighting men, eager for battle; as good material for an army as you can find anywhere in Europe to-day, and we have millions like them in reserve. That is why Russia is going to win."

I came away from this interview confirmed in my suspicion of the existence of certain very grave social and political weaknesses in Russia of which the outside world knows little, but with a new confidence in Russia's inherent power to cope with these evils and emerge triumphant in the long run.

II—A BELGIAN CHRISTMAS: ONE YEAR AGO

BY EDWARD EYRE HUNT

*Mr. Hunt has recently returned to this country after spending more than a year actively engaged in the work of the Commission for Relief in Belgium.—*THE EDITORS.

BEFORE the famous Christmas Ship which America sent last year had reached Rotterdam, Holland, the Belgian children knew all about it. They were greatly excited. Christmas, 1914, brought them few presents, and the thought of getting gifts from their small friends across the sea was enough to stir the imagination of anybody. War refugees returning to Belgium from Holland brought assurances that the Christmas Ship was no myth, and when the ship docked at Rotterdam the news was spread in Belgium almost as quickly as telegrams could have done it.

But the Americans in Holland who were managing the shipment had not anticipated the difficulty which arose. Two days before Christmas the German authorities demanded that every package should be opened in Holland, and that every scrap of writing should be taken out of them. It was a tremendous task. The packages all contained letters written by the American children to their little Belgian friends. These notes were tucked away in the oddest places—in the bottoms of bags of candy, in the backs of fairy books, in dolls, in pairs of shoes, in babies' dresses—in every likely and unlikely spot which a child's imagination could think of as a convenient receptacle for writing. And all those charming, naïve little notes, painfully copied by childish hands, had to be removed before the presents could go forward.

It was too late to get them into Belgium by Christmas Day, but three big motor boats made the attempt. One went to Brussels, one to Liège, and one to Antwerp. As soon as the boats arrived word was sent out to the children. There were tiers on tiers of boxes of clothing: outfits for babies, blankets, caps, bonnets, cloaks, shoes of every description, babies' boots—a veritable treasure-trove for Belgium. Then there were heaps of candies, all the way from "all-day suckers" and candy fish to striped candy canes and fine-

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grade chocolates. And there were mountains of nuts—nuts such as the Belgians had never seen in their lives: pecans and hickory nuts, and American walnuts, and peanuts galore.

In one of the boxes of peanuts opened in Antwerp there was a little note which had escaped the vigilance of the searchers in Rotterdam. It was from Caleb Morse, of Texarkana. He wrote in perfect certainty that the Belgian child who got his peanuts could read what Caleb had spelled out in painful English:

"I dug these peanuts myself for you. Please write me that you got them and what the Germans did to you and all."

And there were scores of dolls—French bisques smiling pleasantly, and pop-eyed rag dolls, old darky mammy dolls (another novelty to the Belgians), and little Santa Clauses. Santa Claus, too, is a novelty in Belgium, for in his stead the Belgian children have St. Nicholas, who is pictured as a fine old saint in bishop's cassock, with chasuble and lace and gold, a miter and a crosier. Among the presents were tens of dozens of picture books, and fairy books, and story books. One child had written in the cover of her book: "Father says I ought to send you my best picture book, but I think that this one will do."

The schools were convened in each of the three big cities for the distribution of gifts. At Minister Brand Whitlock's personal request, the exercises were brief, but they were very charming. The American flag was everywhere in evidence, and homage to America was freely given. Then the boxes were opened: that was the supreme moment. In other places besides Antwerp and Brussels and Liège Christmas packages from America were being opened that day. The peasant children living in several of the little towns which had suffered most from the invaders were also remembered, and the most touching scenes of all were those where these children, living in the shells of their old homes, many of them, received the gifts from far-away America. The expressions of their gratitude began that day, and they have been flowing into the offices of the Commission for Relief in Belgium ever since. Americans who have returned to this country after serving in Belgium say that there are hundreds of thousands of letters and tokens of appreciation from the children just waiting for the war to end to be sent to America.

The Antwerp children made up an acknowledgment which has now reached the United States. It is printed on the press of the famous printer, Christopher Plantin, who lived in Antwerp three hundred and fifty years ago, and with the type which he designed. Thus it has great historical value as well as artistic beauty.

III—THE FACE OF ITALY

BY GINO C. SPERANZA

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE OUTLOOK IN ITALY

Rome.

THE impression one gets here is that the Italian nation is consciously and determinedly engaged, not so much in an important military struggle, as in a huge co-operative undertaking to make a great, safe, and glorious Italy. The energy and purpose of every man and of every woman seem specifically directed towards such goal—wholly, patiently, gladly, to that great end. The soldiers are but a part of the great task in hand; they are the engineers and sappers, as it were, who stem the dangerous flood from the northern gates and keep it back while millions of men are giving their mind and heart and hand to the work of forging a greater and mightier Italy. "Even we," said a keen Italian observer who has spent many years in America, "even we Italians are surprised at how wonderfully we are working together!"

The democratic spirit of the Italian army and its gallant behavior at the front have no doubt helped and accelerated this mobilization of all the forces of the Kingdom. The soldier in this marvelously democratic monarchy is, after all, a man like anybody else, except that he is a little stronger and has had some training in arms; the officers are largely recruited from the *bourgeoisie* or from an aristocracy too ancient to rely on snobbery or class privileges to maintain its distinction. And now

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war has given a chance to all—to the less strong, and even to the women and children.

It is true that the newspapers daily give lists of young lives which have met an untimely end on the battlefields; but even these have a thrill of life in their brave diction of "fallen for the greatness of our *patria*," or "gloriously killed while facing the enemy." And once in a while, after such obituary notices, you will find one reading something like this: "Died at U—— on August —, Elena, our beloved child, six years old, and Maria and Rosina, our devoted servants, all barbarously killed." These are, of course, civilian victims of air raids, as the Austrians do not hesitate to throw bombs on undefended frontier towns.

These notices and a hundred other little signs—the dimmed lights at night, the numberless soldiers in fatigue uniforms, the wounded convalescents from the front often seen—keep the country alive to the dangers which beset it; so that if the nation is not sad it is not because it has grown indifferent to the risks it has assumed or is minimizing the difficulties of the situation.

In the meanwhile life goes on normally. I have heard that the people will soon feel the economic pinch of war, but I fail to see any marked present indication of this. Bread is not quite up to standard either in whiteness or palatableness, but is good and wholesome, and food of all kinds seems plentiful and not prohibitively dear. The railways function regularly, good, strong horses can be had almost anywhere, and even automobiles are by no means scarce. The great ports of Genoa and Naples are open from sunrise to sunset and are crowded with shipping, the only visible sign of war being a French cruiser stationed outside each harbor to prevent the escape of German ships, which could not be stopped by the Italian navy, there being as yet no state of war between Italy and Germany.

German signs have disappeared, but every language other than the Germanic is still "spoken" in the shops. Some of the stores are closed, but not many; they are either those which catered exclusively to the tourists or some which bear this explanatory sign on the shutters: "Gone to join the colors; will reopen after the war."

Otherwise Italy seems normal; above all, she is very clearly unafraid and unworried. The dread of a temporary invasion, which was considered not impossible at the beginning of hostilities, has been happily turned into a sense of security by the gallantry of her troops and the painstaking genius of General Cadorna and his aides. They have already built up for Italy a really defendable and truly defensive frontier. The problem facing every other belligerent nation as to how to get fresh troops is still a remote one for Italy. Despite her losses, she has a very large number of trained men who have not been once to the front, and she has been obliged to stop the offers of volunteers, as she cannot use even half of those who have tendered their unconditioned services.

For several weeks past in numberless Roman homes boys and girls have been practicing their young voices for the great event of to-day—a chorus of five thousand children with all the municipal and military bands of the capital gathered in the Villa Borghese to sing the battle-hymns of Italy. All Rome seems to have turned out to this gathering, paying a small admission fee for the benefit of the Italian Red Cross.

I have seldom seen such a lovely and dignified setting for a great popular demonstration. The green amphitheater of the Villa Borghese, with its almost solemn background of stately stone pines towering above the ilex trees, with a glimpse of classic columns behind, and here and there in the foreground an occasional tall, motionless cypress guarding, as it were, the memories of other great days—all this vast inclosure filled with eighty thousand Romans of all classes and conditions, forming an undulating mass of bright colors: little boys in Garibaldian "red shirts," women with tricolored ribbons and fans, soldiers in forestry green, and *carabinieri* in their gorgeous parade uniforms.

All grows still as the solemn music of the "Chorus of the Hebrew Slaves" spreads over the amphitheater; there is not a person there who does not know that Verdi expressed the wail of the enslaved Italy of his younger days in this hymn from Nabucco. All the past brave sufferings of the fatherland seem to rise before the crowd with the music, reminding it of the sacrifices of other generations to make Italy free.

The twilight of the Roman Campagna settles on ancient Rome, mellowing the strong, dark greens of the trees in the scene before me, paling the bright colors of the flags. Thousands of Roman fathers and of Roman mothers look up proudly to the setting sun, which to-morrow, through their courage

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and that of their children, will rise on a greater, freer Italy.

Venice.

It seems to me that St. Mark's has never appeared so beautiful as now, though all that was movable has been carried away to safety, and although where glistened perfect carvings now appear great heaps of sand-bags. The noble perspectives, the loveliness of the great lines of pillar and arch, of aisle and dome, stand out in their unconquerable beauty despite all the accouterments of war.

The danger which is most dreaded by the engineers in charge of protecting the delicately poised and beautifully graceful monuments of Venetian architecture is the possibility of collapse from the earth tremor of bombardments and the air repercussions of high-explosive bombs. All the "defenses" of the monumental part of the art city are built with that danger pre-eminently in view. In the interior of St. Mark's a frame of huge timbers, skillfully concatenated so as to "give" slightly under a shock, has been built under the arch from which springs the front dome, while the weaker arches of the façade have been strengthened by powerful but relatively light brick supports, the problem for the engineers being that of increasing the stability of the structures without adding too much weight on foundations which, in Venice, consist often of piles or "made" land.

The interior makes a deep impression by the contrast between the beauty of its lines and the splendor of its golden mosaics and the grim devices for protection against fire and explosive bombs of all such works of art and carvings as could not be removed. The Romanesque pulpits of the nave and the fonts, including the one in the baptistery, are buried under great heaps of sand-bags built up from a foundation of bricks and ingeniously crated over. The heads of the pillars and the capitals of the columns are all boxed in, and the fourteen statues by Giacomello and Pierpaolo delle Massegne on the screen leading to the high altar are swathed in great rolls of padded, fireproof canvas, while the famous canopy of *verde antico*, supported by some early Christian columns, is protected by a flat roof held up by stout timbers on which are laid a double row of sand-bags.

The Doges' Palace loses little of its delicate grace by the brick supports built under nearly all of the arches of the lower arcade and by the wooden beams inserted in double sets between many of the columns of the upper arcade to strengthen the lovely Venetian pointed arches. The rosettes between the arches and the great windows in the upper part of the Palace are "bulwarked" against collapse from tremor by stout timbers inserted diagonally across each opening. The southwest corner, with those Adam and Eve reliefs, which are probably the finest carvings of their kind in Europe, has a magnificent brick buttress running to the top of the second arcade; an even stouter buttress protects the corner on the Canal of the Bridge of Sighs, while a stanch round one at the angle near the Porta della Carta gives a beautiful martial aspect to the graceful structure.

It would take too long to describe in detailed form the defensive devices used for the protection of various celebrated monuments; but the pictures of some of the most notable ones will give a fair idea of their general character. The "most glorious work of sculpture existing in the world," as Ruskin calls the equestrian statue of Colleoni, is covered over by an ingenious roof for "shedding" shock and incendiary bombs; Sansovino's restored Loggetta is buried under a mountain of sand-bags; the metal parts of the Campanile, as all surfaces and points in the city which might reflect the sun or moonlight, have been covered or painted a neutral color; and delicate carvings or other precious works of art in churches and palaces which could not be removed have been shielded with boards, brick "buffers," or sand-bags.

Such, briefly, are the "defenses" set up for the protection of that distinct and distinguishable part of Venice where every house is or contains a work of art, and which might justly be called and respected by any aggressor as essentially an "art city." These "defenses" are obviously ineffective, and must, from the very nature and character of the treasures involved, be ineffective against any military attack. *But the danger which threatens the "art city" is not a military one;* against *military* attack, from land or sea, the science, courage, and devotion of the soldiers and sailors of Italy have made Venice practically impregnable. Her land batteries have guns outranging any possessed by the Austrian navy, and the danger-line on land has been steadily pushed farther and farther away from the city, till now it threat-

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ens one of the most redoubtable fortresses in Europe—the Austrian intrenched camp about Gorizia. Indeed, the Austrians are so impotent against the *military* defenses of Venice that they have not even attempted an attack from either sea or land. Their offensive against this city has been limited to aerial raids.

At about 10:20 P.M. of October 25 the Austrians threw an incendiary bomb while flying over the very heart of the "art city" in a section easily distinguishable, as it is the only part of that quarter which has large open spaces surrounded by buildings of monumental size; it is also one of the best-known spots in the world on account of its wonderful monuments. The bomb fell on the Piazzetta, where it exploded and set up a large blaze, produced by the ignition of its contents, consisting of petroleum mixed with some resinous substance. The blaze was put out by the firemen and citizens, who rushed to the rescue before the fire could spread.

This bomb fell directly in front of the entrance to the Marcian Library, with its 11,000 priceless manuscripts and 350,000 other valuable books; it struck the pavement eight meters from said library building (Sansovino's old Zecca) and a little less than fifty meters from the Doges' Palace. Both these two famous buildings are notoriously known to have very old wooden rafter roofs, eminently suited for the successful application of incendiary bombs. I saw the bomb fall, ignite, and blaze while standing at the end of the Doges' Palace at the Ponte della Paglia. I examined the remnants of that bomb the same night, in the presence of an officer of the United States navy, and measured the distances above given early the following morning.

There is no "fortification or other military building" on or in the vicinity of this section of Venice unless the Royal Palace is considered such by the enemy, although occupied exclusively since the beginning of the war and visibly and clearly marked as a Red Cross hospital, with a large number of wounded soldiers.

Lastly, the Austrians dropped several bombs at the opposite end of the city intended to strike the terminal station of the railway. There were some "hits," but no injury or fire in or near the station. The one really effective missile at this point was the high-explosive bomb which struck the roof of the Church of the Scalzi (heretofore restored by the generosity and interest of the Austrian Emperor!), adjoining the station. I was allowed to examine the havoc made by this bomb early on the following afternoon. The entire floor was littered three feet deep with the débris of the ceiling; the débris held in countless bits what had been a notable work of art—Tiepolo's luminous painting of the angelic hosts transporting through the air the Holy House of Loreto!

The night of the attack Venice was in moonlight; it is well known that on moonlight nights the sky acts like a reflector, throwing the light downward and making objects high up in the heavens almost invisible from below, as a person standing behind the reflector of an automobile is invisible to one in front of its light. It is also well known that on moonlight nights the waters of the Grand Canal and of the countless canals which cut Venice make this city one of the most easily distinguishable targets from above in every part.

There were several heavy cruisers in the harbor, in open view, but not one was hit, or apparently even aimed at; no fires were visible in Venice other than those I have mentioned; not a bomb fell within the large space occupied by the basins, wharfs, and dry-docks of the arsenal; and neither the municipal services nor that of the railways or of the military defense were interrupted. Neither soldiers nor civilians were killed; a few citizens were slightly injured.

No enemy could know every part of Venice better than the Austrians; they were its masters and oppressors from 1797 to 1866, except for two short intervals; and during the memorable insurrection of 1848–9, when the Venetians, under Daniele Manin, rose in revolt and drove them from their beloved city, this same enemy threw sixty thousand bombs, cannon shots, and grenades upon these same sacred precincts before the citizen army, famished and stricken by cholera, would surrender. Lest there may be some doubt, I have re-read the account of that bombardment as given by a general of the enemy who witnessed the glorious agony of Manin's Venetian Republic. Even then, according to this authority, the Austrians attacked the city from the skies, using, as a then new experiment, so-called aerostatic bombs, dropped from balloons released to the play of air currents, totally indifferent as to where they struck.

No further comment would seem necessary.

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THE NEW CONGRESS

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM WASHINGTON

"IT is going to be a bitter session." That remark, which a leader in the halls of Congress made to me, expresses the apprehension of a considerable number in both the Senate and the House of Representatives.

The Sixty-fourth Congress is assembling on the eve of grave events—so many of the Members of this Congress believe. I say "is assembling" because the process is not yet completed. Until after the first of the year Congress will be like a family that has moved into a new house before the carpenters, plumbers, and paperhangers have finished their job. The appointment of committees is not yet completed. Especially in a large body like the House of Representatives (consisting of four hundred and thirty-five members), which has no organic connection with the last House, but has to organize anew, there are many preparations to be made. A host of new members have to become somewhat wonted to their unfamiliar surroundings. The Christmas holidays follow soon upon the opening of Congress. The House of Representatives assembled at twelve o'clock on Friday, December 10, and in twenty minutes adjourned till the following Tuesday. Meantime the leaders were busy with their work on routine details, while others were busy with the correspondence that pours in upon an opening session or were on trips home or elsewhere. On Monday the Senate assembled, but was in session only about two hours. Of course the Senate, being a continuous body, besides being comparatively small, encounters no such mass of new details as the House must deal with; but even the Senate has to make some adjustments. The general impression one receives at the Capitol during such days as these is one of uncertainty, not to say chaos. The Members of Congress have not yet become accustomed to one another. They do not yet quite know their own minds, or at least know the minds of their colleagues.

In the months that have passed since Congress last assembled the face of public affairs has greatly changed. Since then the Lusitania has been destroyed, note after note has gone to Germany, the Austrian Ambassador has been recalled, munition factories have been destroyed in such a manner as to awaken suspicion of an ominous conspiracy, a Nation-wide sentiment for measures of military and naval preparation has developed, a need for larger revenues has been demonstrated. These are all new problems for Congress—at least new as problems of immediate practical importance. Besides these, the old problems take on a new aspect. For example, the old question of appropriations for rivers and harbors is new in view of the demand upon the Treasury for other purposes—such as the strengthening of the army and navy.

In spite of this uncertainty, there are some things that seem to many Representatives and Senators fairly clear. And one is that which I have mentioned—that the coming session is likely to be marked by bitter contention.

At such a time as this feeling runs high. In the first place, the war during these past months has excited throughout the country horror and indignation. In some quarters the chief feeling has been horror at the carnage; in others, indignation at the treatment of the United States and other neutrals by certain of the belligerents. The very fact that the Administration has been so restrained (through patience, as its supporters say; through timidity, according to its opponents) tends to make Congress vocal. Last year Congress kept a close watch on its tongue; this year the accumulated feelings of the country, unexpressed by the Administration except in mild forms, will almost surely find utterance. The Lusitania case, which remains unsettled, the activity of the so-called hyphenates, the impediments placed upon American trade with neutrals, and other such matters will be made the subject of debate. And pacificism, that fertile source of acrimony, and its accompanying doctrines of embargo on arms and the nationalization of munition manufacture, will contribute to the spirit of contention.

And besides all this there will appear in new force the spirit of partisanship. One Member of Congress expressed to me the belief that every one in the Senate and the House will be "playing politics." Though this is undoubtedly an exaggeration, there is no doubt that the approach of a "Presidential year" is already causing party lines to tighten and party feeling to become tense.

In both Senate and House there are Re-

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publicans of experience and power in debate who are undoubtedly now determined to attack the Administration on its foreign policy. They are going to do all they can to rehearse before the country the course which the Administration has pursued with reference to Germany and Mexico. They are convinced that in both matters the Administration is vulnerable. It should be said that in the case of some of these Republicans at least, if not all, the purpose is not primarily to discredit a Democratic Administration, but to save the country from becoming committed to a course which they believe is extremely menacing to the welfare of the Nation and to the cause of sound international relations.

Then, too, the Republicans are going to force the fighting on the Administration's revenue measures. They are going to take advantage of the outcry against the proposal to tax automobiles and other internal combustion engines, and gasoline, which, they say, is a proposal to tax the farmer, an important consumer of gasoline; and with other arguments against direct taxation on industry and business transactions, they are going to hold up the Democratic tariff as an unsuccessful revenue measure, and propose instead the return to what they call a Republican tariff. Some Republicans profess to believe that the proposed taxes are so generally unpopular that the Republican position is already strengthened, and they wish to make the most of it. Another object of Republican attack will be the Ship Purchase Bill.

This partisan fight on the part of the Republicans has been made easy by the partisan character of the present Administration. Disinterested observers of affairs in Washington testify that there has not, for a generation, been so partisan an Administration as the one now in power. Its supporters do not regard this partisanship as a defect, but rather as a virtue. The President, they say, believes in party responsibility—hence the President's leadership in Congress, hence the insistence on party regularity, hence the party caucus. This challenge to party feeling the Republicans are now taking up with an enthusiasm which they could not assume for months after the overwhelming defeat of 1912. The reduction of the Democratic majority in the House through the elections of a year ago and the return of some of the older Republican leaders to the House combine to give the Republicans a feeling of confidence in their party which was lacking until now. This is plainly felt as one talks with Republicans of all factions. So the party lines are strengthening.

But the division in all cases is not along party lines. There is a division drawn by opinions about the war. In the case of some Representatives and Senators from cotton States there is a feeling of suspicion toward England on account of the English blockade, which is interfering with the cotton trade; while in the case of some men from Northern districts where the population is largely of German birth or German descent—or even Scandinavian—there is the same suspicion on account of instinctive sympathy with Germany. Here is a division that disregards the difference between Republican and Democrat.

Then there is the difference between those who favor and those who oppose "preparedness." This is not a party division, though the advocates of the largest measure of preparedness are for the most part Republicans. One Representative said that an examination of the roll of Congress would show that the division here is mainly between country and city; those who feel the need of strong defense come chiefly from the cities, while those who represent rural constituencies, among whom the facts of this war are less well known and to whom the perils of war in general are not so obvious, are inclined to oppose measures of preparedness or are somewhat indifferent, certainly unaroused.

Finally, there are the divisions within the parties themselves—the division between the followers of Wilson and the followers of Bryan within the Democratic party, and the division between conservative and progressive wings of the Republican party.

In spite, however, of party feeling and factional divisions, there is likely to be nonpartisan legislation on some great subjects. This is partly due to a change in the President's attitude. That does not seem to be quite so strongly partisan as before. In particular, the emphatic words he has used in advocating military and naval legislation have been directed, not to his party, but to the whole Congress, and there is no manner of doubt that in its present temper Congress will respond to those words by legislation. The effect of this form of leadership illustrates vividly the dependence of a democracy on its leaders. If the President had been as willing to lead in the acceptance of neutral duties as he has in this matter, there is every

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indication that Congress would have responded in like manner. It is believed that even in this matter of preparedness the President is feeling the pressure of Congress quite as much as Congress is feeling the pressure of the President. Other important subjects which will come before Congress are likely to be dealt with on a non-partisan basis.

The problem of rural credits is under the scrutiny of a joint committee of the Senate and House whose members show no sign of trying to make party capital out of their work. The question of appropriations for the improvement of rivers and harbors is not going to arouse party debates, according to present indications. The conservation bills, prepared under the guidance of the Secretary of the Interior, which were crowded to one side by a party measure in the last session—the Ship Purchase Bill—will apparently be discussed on other grounds than those of party. National prohibition and National woman suffrage will enlist advocates and opponents from both sides. It was an Eastern Republican who showed his opposition to woman suffrage by referring to the "womanly West," and a Southern Democrat who in a public speech protested against the "sissification" of America. Advocates of woman suffrage likewise are to be found among the Democrats and Republicans. I happened to find no one who believed that either National prohibition or woman suffrage was likely to succeed in the present Congress; but I thought I discerned, in spite of the rather flippant phrases of the two I have quoted, a growing respect for the seriousness of both issues.

In brief, in the present Congress there are signs of bitter partisanship side by side with a tendency to treat some subjects in a wholly non-partisan spirit; signs of the tightening of party lines with a tendency toward some radical division across party lines and within them; signs of vigorous attack on the President with a tendency in at least one case to follow his leadership. It is a paradoxical Congress.

The Democrats, who were so delighted two years ago at having put a college President into the White House, are over the first flush of their enthusiasm. There are Democrats who are more willing than before to express their resentment at the executive power of him whom one Democrat spoke of to me as "that headstrong, self-willed man in the White House." There are Democrats who are free to confess that the President's popularity seems just now to be on the ebb. On the other hand, in the place of the old unity of enthusiasm there is substituted within the Democratic party a new unity of discretion in the face of the enemy.

Corresponding to this change in the Democratic party there is a change in the Republican party. The self-confidence of the old-time conservative Republican is somewhat shaken. Though some old Bourbons, who, as a progressive Republican remarked, never learn until after the fact, are sure they will win, no matter what they do, most Republicans are inclined to be conciliatory toward those who left the party three years ago, and there is a feeling among them that the spirit of unforgiveness is dying out on both sides. This is a change caused by discretion in the face of the enemy.

The forces are mobilizing. The party war-horses, with the smell of the coming combat in their nostrils, thronged the hotel corridors during these opening days of Congress, while the Democratic and Republican National Committees met to open the campaign. For the first time, it is said, in the history of the country, the President of the United States had the National Committee of his party as his guests at the White House. The Democrats, intrenched in office, and with their leader virtually chosen, selected St. Louis and June 14 as the place and date for the Convention to nominate their candidate for the Presidency; and immediately afterwards the Republicans, with a swarm of aspirants for leadership from whom to choose, decided to force the fighting, and for their Convention selected Chicago and a week earlier.

The Democrats feel that in the President they still have the greatest of their assets; while the Republicans remember that the Democratic party is still a minority party and can be defeated if they can only again secure the greatest of their assets—the old-time majority.

That is the political feeling in Congress, and under the influence of that feeling the legislation of this session will be done. Meanwhile the country should remember that in both houses there are men hard at work, giving their whole thought to the special tasks they have at hand, studying specific public problems, trying to find their solution in legislation, and thinking little or not at all of politics.

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

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TWO BRITISH POETS

I—RUPERT BROOKE

RUPERT BROOKE'S face shows something of the structure of the face of Keats; but the face of the earlier poet is still, while that of the poet who died on the Ægean last spring is so charged with the passion of life that one feels it may fly from the page. It is fairly vibrant with action held in suspense and deflected into imaginative emotion, while the face of Keats has the quiet of "silence and slow time." The verse of Brooke is akin with the verse of Keats in the intensity of its consecration to beauty, but, while Keats has the antique singleness of view with the romantic spirit, Brooke's lines are vibrant with emotion, modern in feeling, and curiously objective in their expression of subjective feeling.

Keats and Brooke died in the glow of early morning, and both will share the good fortune of the radiance of perpetual youth.

The slender volume of "The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke" (John Lane Company) contains eighty-two pieces, of which seventeen were written before the poet was twenty-one; he died at twenty-nine! He was the son of a master at Rugby, and was born under the shadow of the chapel which Matthew Arnold has associated with the memory of his father, the great teacher. He was a poet while a school-boy, and he was also an athlete. He was on intimate terms with nature as an ardent walker, and, like Byron, he found special delight in swimming at night. At King's College, Cambridge, he made a host of friends and was counted among the foremost men of his time. He did not escape the ferment of the youth of genius, but he was free from the contagion of decadence. He also studied in Munich, and on his return to the Cambridge country began to devote himself seriously to writing. The lines on "The Old Vicarage, Grantchester" fairly overflow with autographic vitality. One who knew him at this time says that "to look at, he was part of the youth of the world. He was one of the handsomest Englishmen of his time. His moods seemed to be merely a disguise for the radiance of an early summer's day."

Two years ago he crossed this continent on a trip to the South Seas; half a dozen poems reflect the sensuous beauty of the earthly paradise in the Pacific. England was, however, the home of his spirit, and he soon turned to the land "where Men with Splendid Hearts may go." When the war began, he saw its tremendous significance. "Well, if Armageddon's on," he said, "I suppose one should be there," and he went. He was a member of the Royal Naval Division in the expedition to Antwerp; he lay in the trenches, was shelled by German guns, and he was in the retreat by night through blazing villages and throngs of refugees driven from their homes and fields. He spent last winter in a training camp in Dorsetshire and sailed in the early spring with the expedition sent to the Dardanelles. He had a glimpse of Lemnos and Egypt; he had a touch of sunstroke and recovered, but died on a hospital ship of blood-poisoning on April 23, the day of St. Michael and St. George. He was buried by moonlight in an olive grove at Scyros. "He expected to die," wrote Winston Churchill; "he was willing to die for the dear England whose beauty and majesty he knew; and he advanced toward the brink in perfect serenity, with absolute conviction of the rightness of his country's cause and a heart devoid of hate for fellow-men." The sonnet "The Soldier," which The Outlook reprints below, is of the noblest poetry which the war has called into being. It is as far removed from the "Hymn of Hate" as heaven is from hell.

Brooke's verse stands in no need of commentary or gloss. It is packed with the stuff of which poetry is made: vivid imagination, the phrase that leaps to life, joy in the world of sense and the vision of the world beyond sense:

> "Still may time hold some golden space
> Where I'll unpack that scented store
> Of song and flower and sky and face,
> And count, and touch, and turn them o'er,
> Musing upon them."

Youth, music, and the ecstasy born of their joy when genius keeps them company—what a rich endowment! There are obvious faults, but what wealth of nature! And dead at twenty-nine! The young poet who wrote such lines as,

> "And evening hush broken by homing wings,"

> "We shall go down with unreluctant tread
> Rose-crowned into the darkness,"

holds the secret of that natural magic which

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the gods tell only to the poets whom they love.

What greater testimony to his power is needed than this prophetic sonnet?

THE SOLDIER

"If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is forever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven."

II—STEPHEN PHILLIPS

England has lost another poet whose fame was longer established and based upon a larger foundation of achievement than that of the younger genius who died in the great war. Stephen Phillips was a poet of high worth; yet his reputation has suffered somewhat from too generous predictions as to the final destiny in store for him. Something of this thought may be found in his own fine sonnet "To Keats," a sonnet which is applicable to-day to Rupert Brooke:

KEATS

"Lament is made that thou wast all too young
When Death to silence carried thee away,
With brain ungleaned, and many songs unsung,
Giving the promise of so fair a day.
But I have seen more glory in sunrise
Than in the deepening of the azure noon,
Gleaming untimely gold in fairer skies
Than ever lay about an arctic moon.
And I have caught in darkness ere the sun,
A lovelier-liquid note from matin bird
Warbled, than when the full day had begun,
Or in the mid-day splendor I have heard.
Better to leave behind a world to sigh,
Than living fail a world to satisfy."

Stephen Phillips was born in 1868. He was the son of a Precentor of Peterborough Cathedral; his mother was a cousin of William Wordsworth. He was educated in the grammar schools of Stratford and Peterborough, and spent one year in residence at Queen's College, Cambridge. Leaving college, he went for a while into the Civil Service, and then, with the admirable precedent of Shakespeare himself behind him, he entered a company of players and made the round of the British provinces. The knowledge which he gained in this period of the practical side of stagecraft stood him in good stead when he turned later to the production of the poetic drama.

He left the stage to become an army tutor in a school, spending six years in that occupation. His first volume of poems to attract serious attention was published in 1897. It won for him the first prize given by the "Academy" of London for the best book of the year. He became lecturer on the art of poetry, and was commissioned to write a play for George Alexander, the actor and manager. The result was "Paola and Francesca," a play which brought to a deathless theme the always enduring magic of a new vision and a poetic imagination. The part which Stephen Phillips played in reviving an interest in the poetic drama and in proving that in our day and generation poetry is not necessarily divorced from the stage entitles his memory to the profound gratitude of all lovers of his art.

After "Paola and Francesca" came "Ulysses," "Nero," "Herod," and "The Sin of David." In spite of the fine tableaux in "Ulysses," the splendor of the settings in "Nero," the dramatic merit of the individual scenes in "Herod" and "The Sin of David," these plays somehow failed to create the impression of poetic power given by his earlier "Paola and Francesca." The blank verse of "Paola and Francesca" is in accent and emphasis worthy the study of every modern writer who seeks to present upon the stage his thoughts in poetic form.

Of Stephen Phillips's lyrics it can be said that in many instances they maintained the same dramatic quality that is, or should be, characteristic of the stage. As Browning showed his truest dramatic power in his lyrics, Phillips, too, carried the vividness of the acted play into his shorter verse. The compactness and force of the following poem are

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such that it would not have disgraced the author of "Meeting at Night:"

A BALLAD

I

"'Give me to drink,' the sick man cried,
And straight his wife was at his side;
He drank, and of the draught he died.

II

That draught was brewed from drops of hell;
The mortal drink she mixed so well,
He back upon the pillow fell.

III

Adown the stairway slid she white,
She felt a hot kiss without sight,
And all the dark was falsely bright."

In these verses, too, from "The Submarine" there is a concentration of poetic emphasis that is as effective as it has been prophetic. "The Submarine" was published in 1913:

THE SUBMARINE

"She slideth through the green sea-night,
Certain and cruel without light;
In ocean glooms her deaths are done,
She craves no comfort of the sun.

. . . . . .

Once in the clear and cruder days
A man might see the lunge that slays;
The point he strove to baffle well,
Missed, but not all in blindness fell.

. . . . . .

What clamor of old ocean-war,
What thunder belched at Trafalgar,
Matches in terror the unseen
Stab of the silent Submarine?

So, late in time has come to be
This man-built menace of the sea;
God gave no monster to the main
To make the words of man so vain."

The last volume to come from Stephen Phillips's pen was published after the outbreak of the great war. In his "Armageddon"[1] Stephen Phillips sought to sum up the truth and tragedy of the conflict which has tested so many poets and found them wanting. Neither in vision nor in literary power will "Armageddon" add to his reputation. It contains passages which are in some measure unfortunately comparable to the burlesque of Sheridan's "The Critic."

Stephen Phillips will be longer remembered for his power and skill in depicting the passion and tragedy of the individual souls of Paola and Francesca than for the interpretation he has made of the earth-shaking conflict between the civilizations of Europe.

[1] Armageddon. The John Lane Company, New York.

THE LORD'S PRAYER

BY CHARLES ALEXANDER RICHMOND

I

They were ordinary soldiers, just the common Jean and Hans,
One from the valley of the Rhine and one from fair Provence.
They were simple-hearted fellows—every night each said his prayer:
The one prayed Vater Unser and the other Notre Père.

II

Then they met beyond the trenches and they ran each other through—
Just the ordinary kind of work the soldier has to do.
As they lay there close together, on the still October air
Hans was gasping "Vater Unser" and Jean whispered "Notre Père."

III

So they went to find the Father. He will understand, thought Hans,
For he knows and loves the Rhineland. But Jean thought of fair Provence.
And St. Michael came to meet them, and he smiled to see them stare
When he told them Vater Unser was the same as Notre Père.

IV

So these two went together and stood before the throne,
And prayed to God to make good speed and send St. Michael down.
"*Mais oui*," said Jean, "*je crois qu'on n'aura plus de cette guerre*
Quand on saura que Vater Unser est le même que Notre Père."

Union College, New York.

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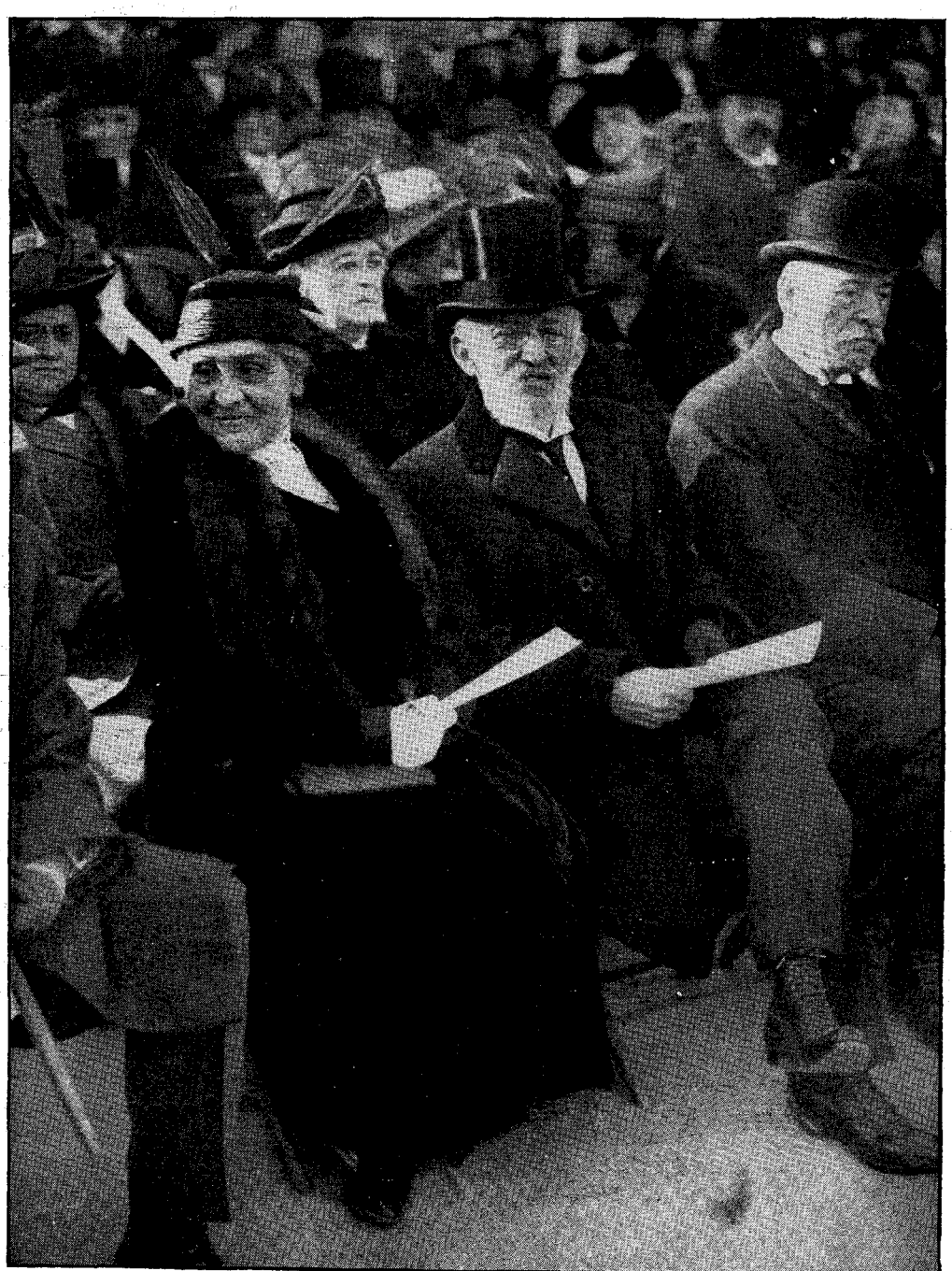
Current Events Pictorially Treated



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THE NEW HEAD OF NEW YORK'S PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSION

The Hon. Oscar S. Straus (who in the above picture is seen at the right of Mrs. Straus, in the foreground) has been appointed by Governor Whitman as Chairman of the Public Service Commission. The photograph was taken at the dedication of a fountain at Straus Park, New York City, in memory of Mr. Straus's brother Isidor. See editorial comment

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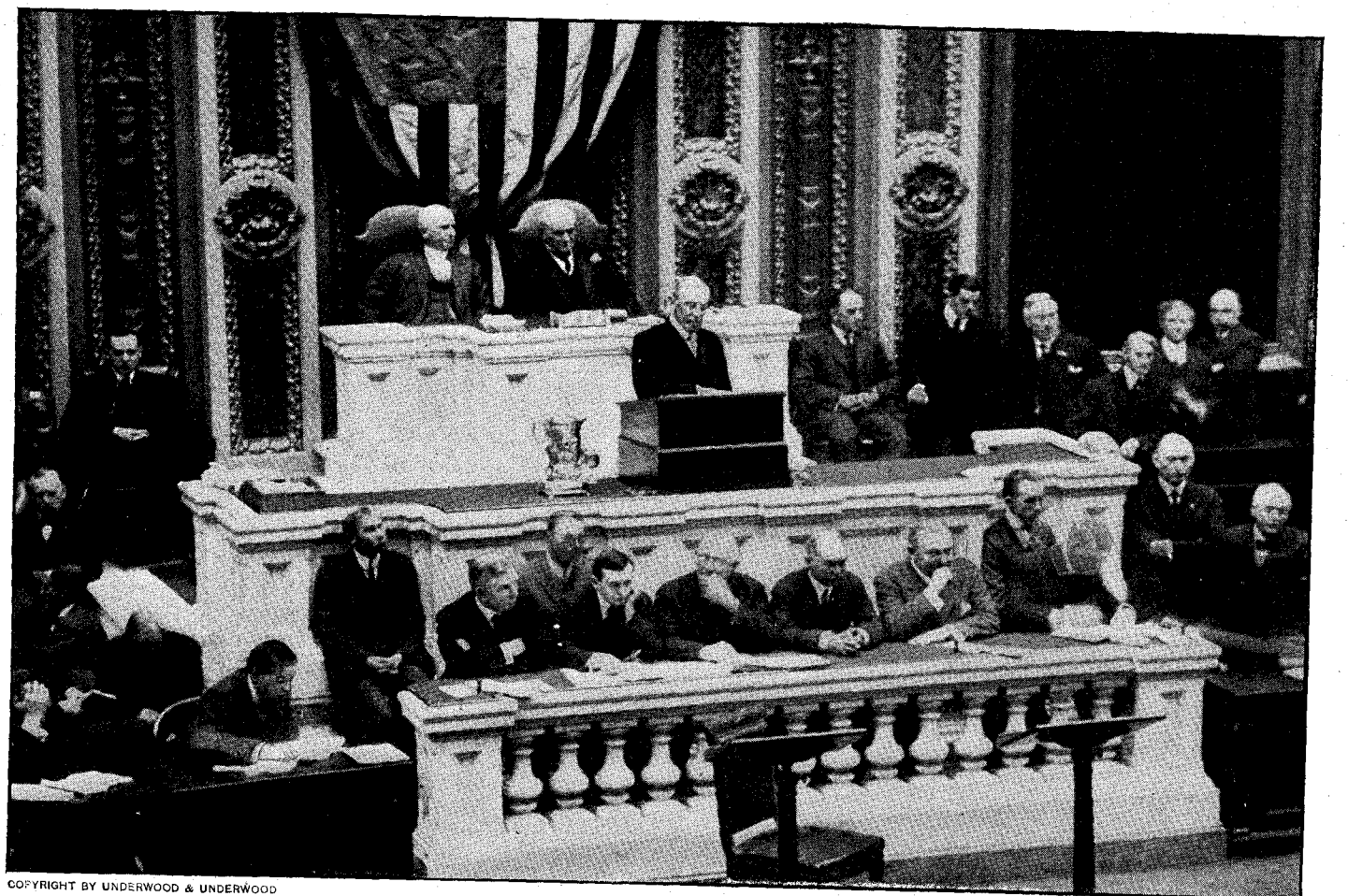

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PRESIDENT WILSON READING HIS MESSAGE TO CONGRESS

Seated behind President Wilson at the right is Speaker Champ Clark. Next to the Speaker is Senator Clarke, of Arkansas. The reading and effect of the Message are described in editorial correspondence elsewhere

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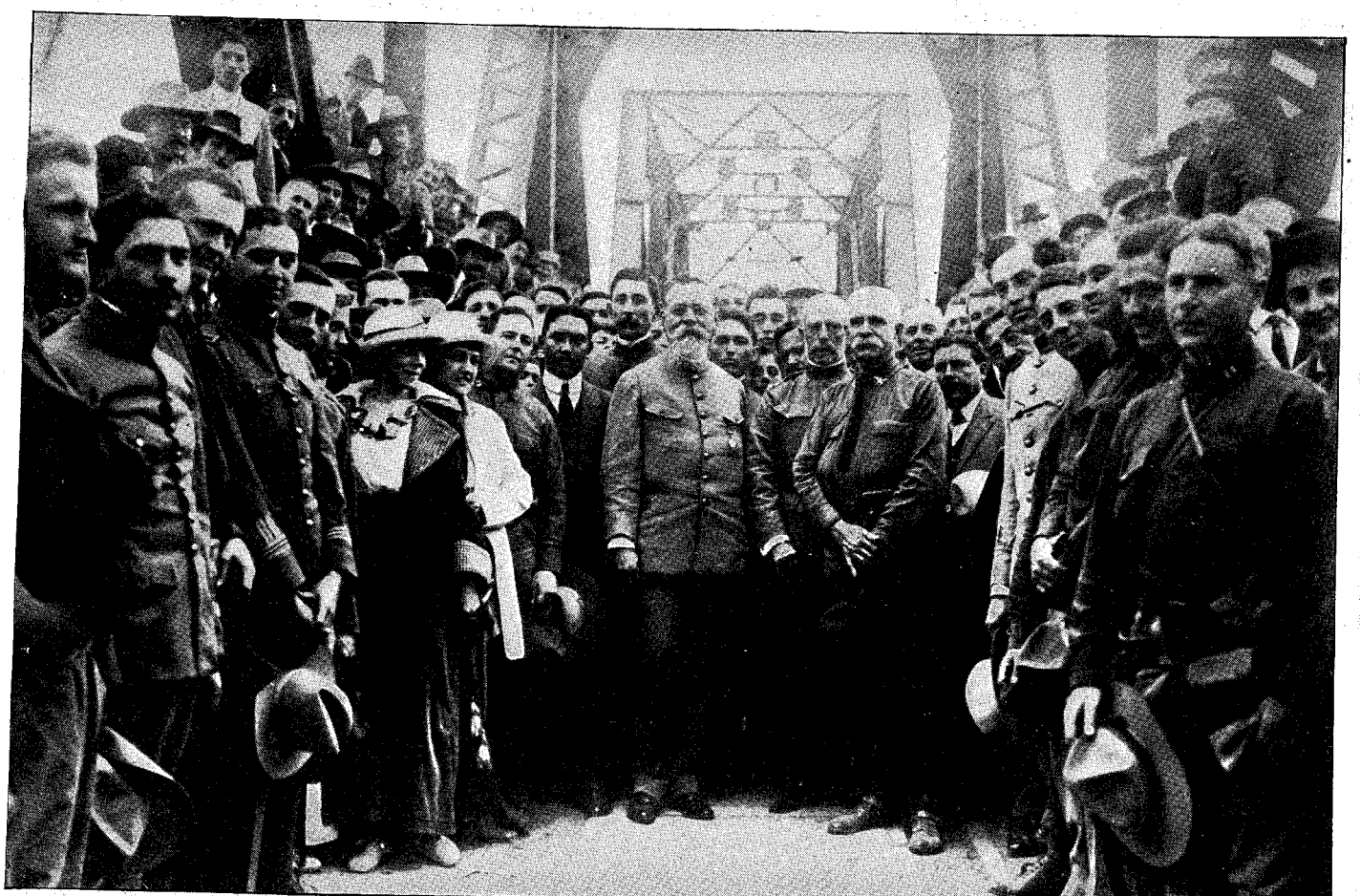

CARRANZA AND HIS CHIEFS CONFER WITH AMERICAN OFFICERS ON AN INTERNATIONAL BRIDGE

This meeting took place on a bridge near Brownsville, Texas, where Carranza met army officers and the Governor of Texas in conference

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PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN BROTHERS

THE CITY OF QUEBEC AND THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER

Quebec is rapidly becoming a great commercial port. See editorial paragraph in this issue

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RUPERT BROOKE

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT & FRY, LONDON

STEPHEN PHILLIPS

DEATH CLAIMS TWO OF THE YOUNGER ENGLISH POETS

Brooke lost his life in the war; Phillips died at Deal, England, after a lingering illness. See comment elsewhere

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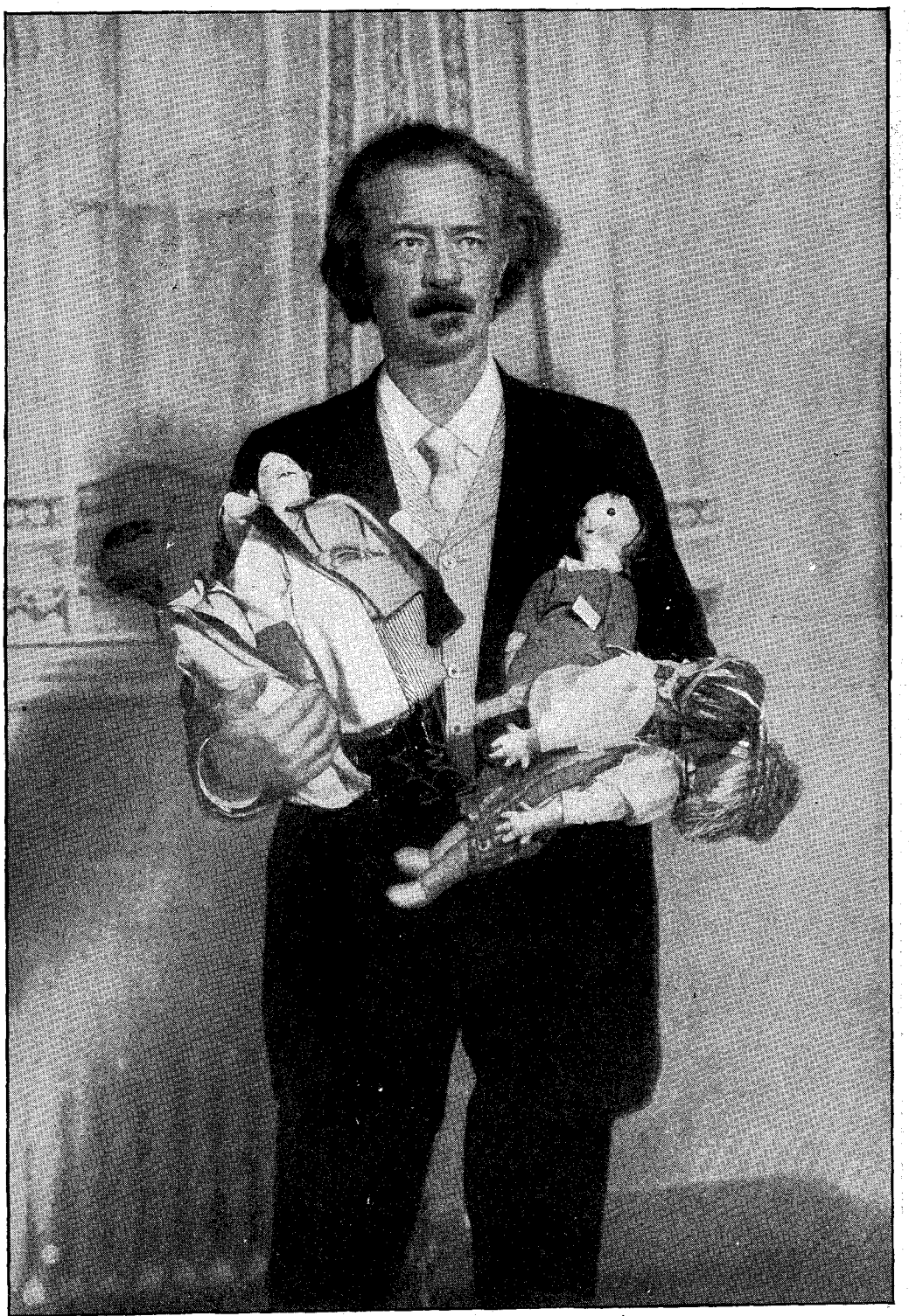

PHOTOGRAPH FROM PAUL THOMPSON

PADEREWSKI PLAYS A NEW ROLE

The celebrated pianist is trying in every way to raise money to help his stricken country, Poland. The picture shows him selling dolls in the Hotel Gotham, New York City, for the benefit of the Polish war sufferers

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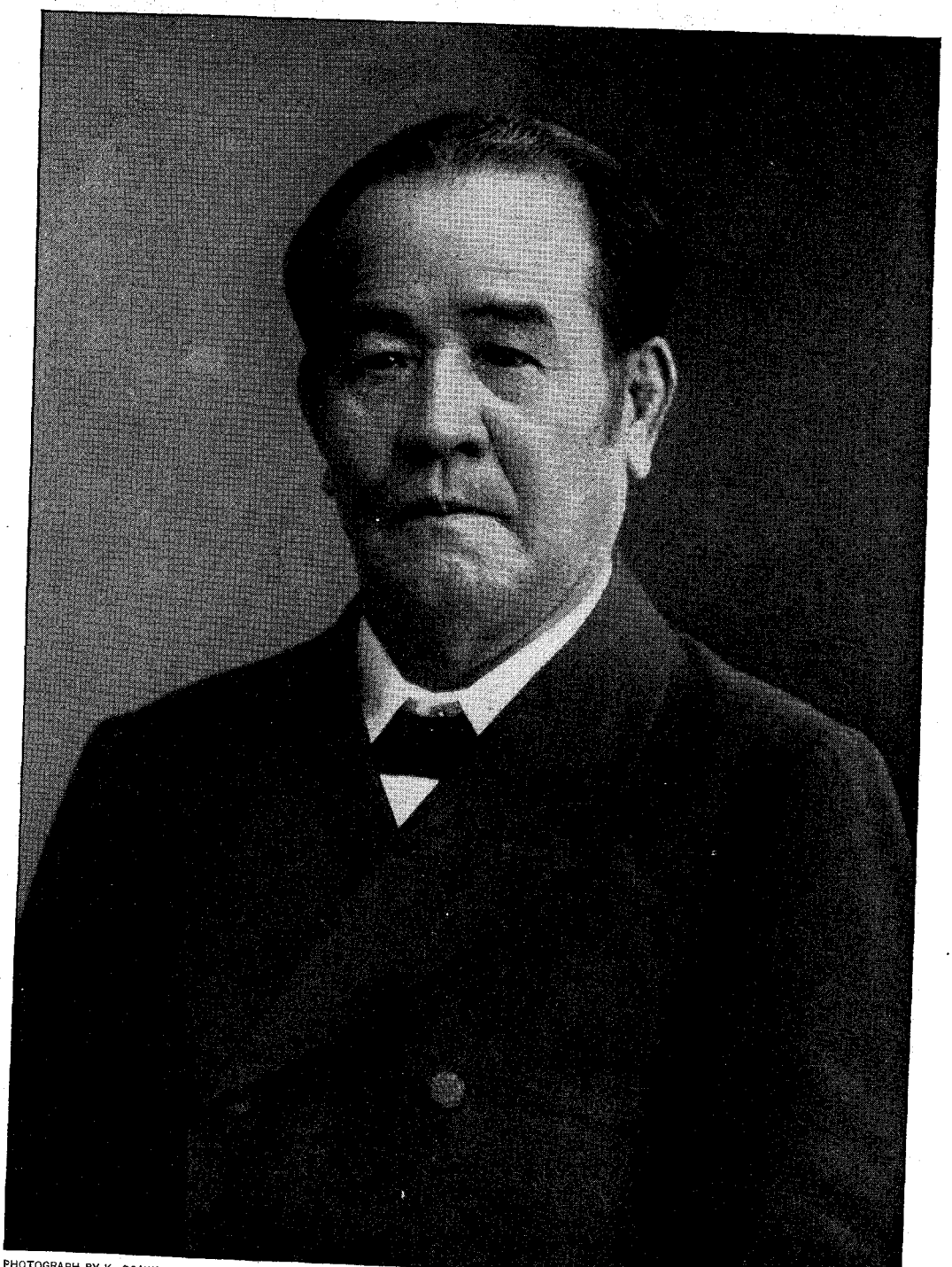

PHOTOGRAPH BY K. OGAWA

BARON SHIBUSAWA, OF JAPAN

See the article, "Japan and America: How the War Affects their Mutual Relations," on page 994 of this issue

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PHOTOGRAPH BY MATHILDE WEIL

LEST WE FORGET!

The photograph is that of Mrs. Paul Crompton, of Philadelphia, and her six children. The entire family perished, with over a hundred other Americans, in the destruction by a German submarine of the steamship Lusitania last May. Nothing has yet been accomplished by the United States Government in securing reparation of any kind for this appalling crime

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THE REFUGEE: A CHRISTMAS WAR STORY

BY E. TEMPLE THURSTON

One of the best Christmas novels ever written was Mr. Thurston's "The City of Beautiful Nonsense," which we are sure will be pleasurably remembered by thousands of our readers. Mr. Thurston is one of the strongest writers among the younger English novelists.—THE EDITORS.

IT was the evening of last Christmas Day, 1914, when the whole of Europe was shaken with the sounds of war, and the name of Christ, the Prince of Peace, sounded strange on the lips of those men of the Church who scarcely knew what message to preach from their pulpits.

But the habits and customs of Christmas, these remained, even in the trenches in Flanders; for wherever there are children and the child in a man is still alive these customs will maintain. You may kill a man on Boxing Day and in honest warfare, but you will a spend a jolly Christmas with him first. This is hard to explain from any pulpit.

People went about their shopping much the same as ever, though deep below the sound of all festivities there was the murmur of battle somewhere in France, there was the muffled thunder of the guns, the far cry of nations in anger and revolt. All this you could hear beneath the cries of delight of the children in the toy shops; yet, nevertheless, Christmas was much the same as usual. On Christmas Eve the trains were full of passengers laden with their parcels, all of them those suspicious-looking packages containing just the very things some creature was looking for.

It was the same in the country as in London. On Christmas Day itself, as the light faded to the sullen gray of the winter's evening, lights began appearing in the cottage windows, brighter and more numerous than at any other time of the year.

In the village of R——, on the east coast, when the murky light of evening had swiftly deepened at five o'clock into the darkness of night, you might have seen the flickering firelight in the cottage windows change to the brighter light of the lamps before blinds were pulled down, shutting out the sight of the gloomy sky. The lowering of the blinds swiftly followed this change of light, and then there came upon the place all that appearance of security and seclusion, suggesting warmth and laughter; though, indeed, in some houses that winter there was little laughter to be heard.

At the Manor House of R—— all these changes might have been observed, only that beside the lamplight, which flooded out the light of the fire always lit in the oak-paneled hall on Christmas Day, there appeared, before the blinds were drawn, the numberless twinkling lights of tiny candles. A Christmas tree!

That was it. An old, old fashioned Christmas tree, dressed heavily with pink and green and white candles and weighted down with all those suspicious-looking parcels, of which you say nothing, pretending almost not to see them, yet never letting them quite escape your watchful eye. The pink and white candles, the colored glass balls, the little glass peacocks with their spun-glass tails that perch on the branches—you may exclaim with delight about these; but of the brown-paper parcel, until it is placed in your hands, you must say nothing.

Charles, the old butler, was completing the final arrangements, putting the last touches to this great tree of twinkling lights that stood on the old refectory table in the hall of R—— Manor. Greyson, the parlor maid, was helping him. Indeed, it is Greyson who remembers the things Charles was saying to her before that occurred of which I am about to tell.

"I wanted myself," said he, as he lit one of the last candles on the tree—"I wanted myself to have none of these festivities this Christmas. 'It's a mockery'—that's the way I put it to the mistress—'it's a mockery, with the master lying out there somewhere in France, p'r'aps not even buried, to tie those candles and gimcrack things and presents on the Christmas tree, just as we've done for the last seven years, ever since Master Harry was born.'"

Greyson lit a candle on her side of the tree, and asked what the mistress had said to that.

"She looked at me very gently," replied Charles, "and she said, 'Are you considering your feelings or his, Charles?' That's what she said. Well, I didn't quite know what she meant by that, so I says, 'I'm considering his, ma'am.' 'Well, then,' she says, 'if you'll look deep into your own mind,

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Charles, because you've known Major Garroway ever since he was a boy, was he the sort of man who would prefer his death to be honored with gloom and depression at such a time as this?' Then I knew what she meant, and I had to admit that he wasn't. 'Very well, then,' says she. 'We'll have the Christmas tree and everything just the same as usual, and we won't say anything more about it.'"

"She's kept her word," said Greyson. "She's said nothing about it to me. Things might have been just the same as ever they was."

Charles shook his head backwards and forwards as he tied a big blue glass ball onto one of the lower branches.

"The same, do you call it?" said he, and then he shook his head again. "Why, they always used to tie these things onto the Christmas tree themselves. I asked her if she was going to do it this time, and she just closed her eyes for one moment, just as if she was looking into herself for the courage women have to have at a time like this. And when she opened them again I could see she had found it. 'No,' says she, quietly. 'Let you and Greyson do it this Christmas,' she says, 'while I keep the children in the dining-room.' Oh, she's got a great heart, has Mrs. Garroway; as great a heart for a woman as he had for a man. When you think of the way she took it when first she heard he was missing—the way she held her head up and went about the house, laughing and playing with the children, never telling them a word and answering all their questions when they asked her about their daddy! There's no wonder, to my mind, she broke up as she did when they took the last hope away from her and sent her that telegram from the War Office saying he was dead. And yet, what else could they suppose? He'd been missing more than a month and there was no report of the Germans having got him as a prisoner. I wasn't surprised to see her go to pieces after all that strain had been put on her. Then we nearly lost her, didn't we? My God! I try to see the nobility of war, but I'm hanged if I can manage it! It brings out great self-sacrifice—I've no doubt of that; but there are other virtues in this world, and all of them have to go."

So Charles might have continued, as Greyson very truly observed, for he was a talkative old man; so he might have continued till every candle was burned out and every bauble dropping from the tree, but at that moment they heard the sound of footsteps on the paved pathway outside the hall door, and the next moment the door itself, which was locked, was tried. Some one had turned the handle, as though thinking without ringing or knocking, he could enter the house at will.

Greyson admits that it was a strange sound in their ears; for who could it be away from his home on such a day and at such a time as that? Yet, even allowing for such a possibility, who could imagine he had the right to open the door and enter the house without either knocking or ringing? She says herself that the heart stood still in her, although there was nothing really to be afraid of. The Manor House was a lonely place certainly, and stood some distance away from the village; but, if Charles was an old man, there was the gardener in his cottage, not more than a couple of hundred yards away, and there was the chauffeur, who lived in the house itself. Besides which, it was not long after five o'clock in the afternoon. Nevertheless, the gloomy darkness outside and the unexpected sound of those footsteps, followed by the turning of the handle of the hall door, made her grow suddenly cold with apprehension, notwithstanding the heat of the fire in the hall and of those numberless candles they had just lighted on the Christmas tree.

"Who's that?" she asked in a whisper.

Charles shook his head, and, as the handle was tried again, he walked without hesitation to the door and turned the key and pulled back the bolts. Greyson remembers thinking it was no small heart old Charles had beating in his breast, to go so quietly as he did.

It was not with caution that he opened it, either, as many a more timid man might have done, peering through the narrow aperture, but he flung it wide, and there, out in the drizzling rain, half hidden in the shadow of the trees and the gloomy sky behind him, stood a tall man, in strange clothes, a black beard, mustache, and whiskers hiding the features of his face.

There he stood, and, as Greyson said, there stood Charles, and for a moment that seemed to her interminable they said nothing. It was Charles at last who broke the silence.

"What do you want?" he asked.

The man replied in French, as unintelligible to Greyson as it was to the butler.

"Can't you speak English at all?" asked Charles.

"No—no," said the stranger. "Understand—yes. Speak? No—no—vairy leetle."

It was as Charles looked round at Grey-

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son in that helpless way of an Englishman when he is dealing with a foreigner whose language he does not understand—it was then that, in the most perfect English, the man suddenly said:

"Silly ass, Charles!"

In an instant the butler had wheeled round again on his heel and, with a little cry that she did her best to suppress, Greyson dropped the box of colored candles she was carrying in her hand.

"My God, sir!" exclaimed Charles.

Greyson had no memory of what she said or did, for there was her master, Major Garroway, who for these last four months they had all believed to be dead. Only his voice as he spoke those words in English was recognizable; but once he had said them, it was impossible to make any mistake. The disfiguring beard and whiskers and mustache hiding all those features of his face they knew so well, the foreign-looking clothes which had all seemed so thoroughly in keeping with his French tongue—one and all, they fell from him like a disguise, when once he had spoken those three words in the voice they had heard so often and never expected to hear again.

"My God, sir!" repeated Charles, when words came from his mind and were not without volition on his lips. "We thought you were dead!"

Garroway stepped into the hall and looked about him, but just over the threshold and no more. As though he were a stranger intruding where he was not wanted, Charles stood immovably in his way.

"Yes, I suppose they reported me dead," said Garroway, "but I'm not. I got away. How—how are they all? Eh? How are they?"

"All right now, sir, now that madam's settling down to it—but—but—"

"But what?"

"We nearly lost her, sir. She heard you was missing at first and she bore up with hope wonderfully for a month, and then—"

"They said I was killed?"

"Yes, sir; and she broke up then. For nigh on a month she was at death's door."

"Were the children told I was killed?"

"No, sir, not yet. Madam thought she'd wait till—till after Christmas, and let them have their little party as happy as possible."

Just like a man whose emotion is more than he cares to show, Garroway was about to push his way past the butler and stride impulsively into the hall. No less impulsively Charles caught him by the arm.

"For God's sake, sir," said he, "don't come into the house! You don't understand; you don't understand at all!"

"Don't understand what? Good God! Can't I come into my own house? Why, I've timed this thing to a minute. I ought to have been reporting myself at the War Office; but I came here first—just because I wanted to be in time for the Christmas tree. Last night I crossed over with a lot of Belgian refugees. Ever since the retreat from Mons, where I was wounded, I've been creeping about Belgium in disguise; hiding here, hiding there, like a rat in a sewer—growing this beard, dressed in these clothes, learning their talk until I could dare to go out into the streets and talk to the German soldiers, and they didn't know me from a Belgian civilian. And always I've been waiting my chance, waiting my chance, till at last it came! I slipped over the frontier into Holland, and now, when I get back on Christmas Day, you won't let me into my own house. What's the mystery about it?"

Charles still clung to his arm.

"There is no mystery about it at all, sir; but madam couldn't stand this second shock, sir—not like this she couldn't. You don't realize, sir, what she's been through. How could you? God knows you've had dangers and troubles enough of your own, and it's reasonable enough you wanting to come back like this on Christmas Day, sir; but, upon my oath, it 'ud have been better you'd gone and reported yourself at the War Office, and she'd just heard in their casual way of letting people know things."

Greyson declares she never saw disappointment so deeply written upon any man's face as upon Major Garroway's when he heard this. He just stepped back again into the porch and his head dropped down on his chest, almost like a child that is told it cannot go to a party it has so long looked forward to.

"Do you mean the shock would be too great for her, Charles?" he asked, and his eyes just lifted and he took one look at that lighted Christmas tree, like a boy out of the gutter, who knows the festivities of the rich man's house are not for him.

Greyson talks about the lump that came into her throat when she saw that look of his, and I can well believe it.

"That's what I mean, sir," said Charles. "When a lady keeps silence about a thing

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like she does, it means it's gone pretty deep, sir. I know it must be very hard to understand now, just the very moment you've got back; but you've been out there doing things, sir, risking your life, I know that; but doing things all the time, every moment of every day, full of danger, full of excitement, no time to feel the real meaning of anything—not even the war you've been fighting in. At home here we can do nothing but sit and wait, and it's a cruel time that for thinking, sir, especially for a woman. There's twice the meaning in things that happen for them, sir; and, I tell you honest, she couldn't bear another shock, not sudden like this, however happy it 'ud make her."

Garroway looked up straightly into Charles's face.

"You think I'd better go away, then?" he said, and he would not look at the Christmas tree a second time. "Better find a train up to London and report myself in the ordinary way at the War Office?"

"Oh, my God, sir, don't put it on to me!" began Charles. "You didn't see her like we did that month. The doctor told me himself—"

So he had begun, and there he stopped. The door of the dining-room had opened and then closed again. Mrs. Garroway had come out into the hall.

"We're getting so impatient, Charles," she said. "Haven't you—"

Garroway drew back farther into the shadows of the porch as she stopped.

"Who's there?" she inquired, and she looked at Greyson and she looked at Charles.

With an effort, of which Greyson assures me she never thought him capable, the butler came forward, leaving Garroway half concealed in the porch.

"It's—it's a Belgian refugee, madam," he said, confidentially, coming back into the hall and speaking in an undertone, as though in consideration for the feelings of the man.

Perhaps he hoped that his mistress would ask no further questions, but that was not her way.

"A Belgian refugee?" she said. "But how did he get here? What does he want?"

"Can't make out rightly, madam. He speaks very little English."

Mrs. Garroway went to the hall door, and I am sure it was no exaggeration on Greyson's part when she said they stood there beside the Christmas tree, with their breath held, expecting every moment to hear the heartrending cry of her recognition. But it did not come.

"Can't you speak English at all?" they heard her ask him.

"*Un p'tit peu, seulment, madame,*" they heard him reply, and he added quickly, "*mais je comprend facilement.*"

"But how do you happen to be in this part of the world?"

He told her that when he had disembarked he had not gone up to London with the rest of the refugees. She looked back into the hall at the glowing fire, the cheery light of the candles on the Christmas tree. They could see her mind comparing it with the gloomy darkness and the rain outside. Greyson felt a sickness of apprehension as she realized her mistress's half-formed intention to invite him within. For one moment only it was half formed, the next the decision had come to her. The door of the dining-room had tentatively opened and a boy's voice had called out:

"Mummy! Aren't you ready? We can't wait any longer!"

"We're just ready, darling," she called back, and then quickly she turned to that waiting figure in the porchway. They knew well enough what was passing in her mind. How could she turn him out again into the night, this homeless man, in face of such home comforts as these?

"My children are just going to have their Christmas tree," she said. "Won't you come in?"

The look that Charles sent him behind Mrs. Garroway's back, importuning him to refuse, never reached him. His eyes were all for his wife. What man could have refused? He stepped into the hall. Charles came forward and took his hat. His hair was grown long and unkempt upon his forehead.

"Not even in that light, and knowing who he was," said Greyson to me, "should I have known it was the master."

Mrs. Garroway was no less deceived, though there was one moment when she looked long at him, yet not as one who recognizes, but rather as one in whom a memory has been awakened. Nevertheless, it was a moment of suspense to them, passing away as she came closely to his side, saying:

"When my children come out and hear that you have come from Belgium, they will ask you about my husband. They—they know nothing. They think he is still fighting at the front. I—I have tried to keep their Christmas happy for them, but—but—"

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here for the first time her voice faltered, but she gathered her courage and went bravely on—"it's not true. He—he was killed in the retreat from Mons. But they are very curious creatures. They are not satisfied with my word. I—I have to invent the letters that I receive from him and the news he sends. They want proof for everything. They are bound to ask you questions. Perhaps—perhaps you could help me. I have told them he was wounded—wounded at Mons. There are so many who come back wounded that they practically forced me to tell them that." A pathetic smile crept into her face. "I don't think they would have thought he was fighting properly if he had not been wounded."

"Has madame told them," he spoke in broken English, "that monsieur came home?"

"Oh, no! He was only slightly wounded, I said; just in the arm, and has got quite well again."

"*Eh bien, madame,*" replied Garroway. "*Le laissez à moi.*"

She turned away and walked to the dining-room door, opening it and saying: "Come along, creatures. It's all ready, and there's a grand surprise for you!"

What a surprise it was, if she had known!

They rushed out, the two girls and the boy, shouting with delight, like children trooping out of school, their cries dropping to silence on their lips directly they saw the strange man standing in the hall.

I have Charles's opinion upon this, that the control which Major Garroway exercised then upon himself was almost more than that of men. There he stood, just as if he were a stranger, before those creatures dearest to him in all the world.

"This gentleman is a Belgian," said Mrs. Garroway. "He has just come over to England. Go and say how do you do and wish him a happy Christmas."

One by one, solemnly, with outstretched hands, they came to him saying, "A happy Christmas, Mr. Belgian." The youngest girl came last. His favorite, so Charles said to me. And it was not an outstretched hand she gave to him but a little face upturned, with lips already pouted for her kiss. No man in the world could have resisted that. He picked her up in his arms and kissed her twenty times.

"Oh! You skeeze!" she cried, and with many apologies on his foreign tongue he put her down.

"Now," said Mrs. Garroway, "this gentleman has got something to tell you"—she forced the lump back in her throat—"has got something to tell you about daddy. Are you going to hear that first or shall we have the presents?"

In one voice, they all cried: "Daddy!"

She turned to him with a smile that would have rent the heart in any man.

"This shall be your present, monsieur," said she.

Who could have expected him not to have been moved? For a few moments he could not speak, but no suspicions were aroused in her because of that. After what she had told him no one would have been surprised to see his emotion.

At last he began.

"After the first few words," Charles told me, "I saw the idea that was in his mind."

He told them the whole story of his own escape: how he was wounded at Mons, his creeping through the German lines, his hiding in Brussels until he had learned the language and disguised himself as a Belgian, so that he could even speak with impunity to the German soldiers in the streets. And all this as a story of her husband, whom she believed to be dead.

They listened with their little mouths open. It was the most engrossing story they had ever heard.

"And when's daddy coming home?" they all asked, when he had finished.

"As soon as he get to Antwerp," said he, "and what you say—slip—the frontier."

And all the time as he told his tale in his broken English his eyes were wandering backwards and forwards to his wife. She sat there in a trembling silence, her own eyes never turning from the fire where all the memories of the happy past were dancing in the flames.

"Oh—monsieur, if only it were true!" she whispered to him as he made an end. "Why shouldn't it be true? Those are the things I hoped and hoped until—until they told me the truth."

Her lips were quivering and then she forced a smile into her eyes—a smile for them that had no meaning in her heart.

"Come along," said she, as she stood up. "Now for the Christmas tree. Charles, have you got the scissors there?"

"Yes, madam."

"Well, you can begin to take the presents off."

Garroway rose to his feet and came to the table where the Christmas tree was standing.

"It ees the proper sing—I give my little

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present," said he, and turned to Charles. "*Emportez moi un p'tit morceau de papier brun, s'il vous plait,*" he said.

Charles looked his bewilderment.

"He wants a piece of brown paper, Charles," explained Mrs. Garroway. "But, monsieur," she added, "you must not give me any present. It has been pleasure enough to have you here."

"Oh, no! no! no!" he exclaimed, with well-assumed foreign excitement. "No! no! I give my present!" And when Charles came with the brown paper he slipped something secretly out of his pocket, swiftly wrapped it up, and, tying it with string, he hung it on the tree.

"I have not the present for all," said he. "*Voila!* this is for madame."

"Open it now, mummy! Open it now!" they cried out.

"No! no!" said he. "It shall be the last of all."

Such a scrambling there was for all the presents then. Taking the scissors from Charles, it was Garroway herself, as in the times gone by, who cut them from the tree. Then came the last of all, that little present in its wrapping of brown paper. With trembling fingers, he cut that from the tree and brought it to his wife.

"For you, madame," said he.

As though with some sub-conscious presentiment, she paused before she opened it. Then slowly she pulled the wrapping off as they all crowded round. Another moment, and there it lay in her hand. Her own miniature! The little picture of herself in its gold frame that he had always worn around his neck.

She looked up into his eyes, her senses swaying between joy and doubt.

"It's true, then, monsieur?" she whispered.

He made as though to speak a word in private in her ear.

"Yes, my dear, it's true enough," he said in his own voice, and his arms were ready to catch her as she swung into her moment of oblivion.

KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

A SECRET SERVICE

A FINE example is afforded of the motto, "Let not your left hand know what your right hand does," by the campaign of good will carried on in the war zone by the Young Men's Christian Associations of all nations, neutral and belligerent. No report has been published; no statistics have been printed; no public appeal has been made. The donors are unknown to fame and unknown to those whose burdens they have lightened and whose dull lives they have cheered. I have taken the facts and quotations in this article from unpublished letters of volunteers engaged in this pacific campaign. For evident reasons I omit names, dates, and localities.

In an article originally published in The Outlook and republished in his interesting "Note-Book of an Attaché" Mr. Eric Fisher Wood gives a graphic picture of a prison camp in Germany:

The camp was distant one hour's fast run from Berlin and was situated on a flat plain which had very little natural or artificial drainage. The cold mud was everywhere from three to four inches deep. On this plain and closely surrounded by heavy barbed-wire entanglements were some seventy or eighty rude wooden sheds arranged in four rows with a broad avenue down the center. Here were kept some nine thousand prisoners of war, of whom four thousand were British and four thousand Russian. By careful and repeated pacing I estimated that the sheds were about one hundred by thirty feet. Each one had six unopenable windows on a side. In each such house were quartered one hundred and twenty-five men. When certain partitioned areas have been subtracted this means a space of about six by three feet per man. Each house was heated by one stove and was very hot and stuffy, being, except for the door, hermetically sealed.

None of the prisoners had overcoats, personal belongings, or blankets. They slept on straw ticks measuring approximately seven feet by thirty inches. That they all suffered from lice and other vermin was perfectly evident. The whole camp was closely surrounded by barbed wire and the main avenue was commanded by three field-guns placed outside at one end in a little barbed-wire fort. The whole was ap-

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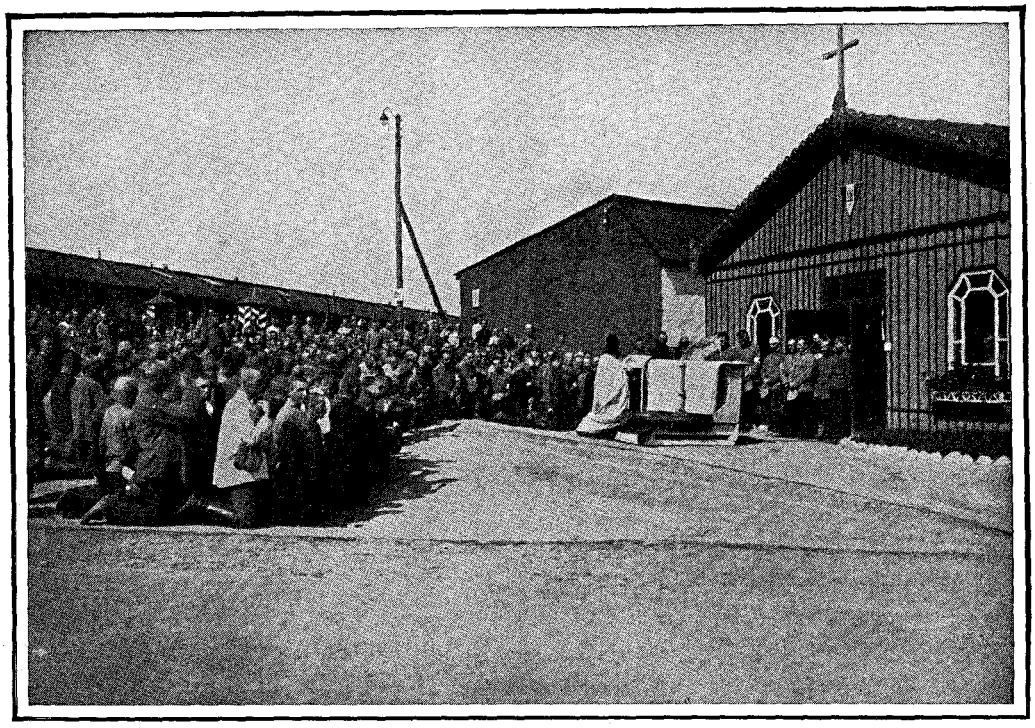

THE Y. M. C. A. "HUT" AT CROSSEN, GERMANY

The Russian prisoners are praying for the health of the Russian Royal Family, permission for this unusual service having been granted by the German Commandant

parently under the charge of a captain of the Landsturm and the guards were men of the Landsturm. The prisoners looked thin, peaked, unhappy, and sickly, and many had boils. They have absolutely nothing to do—they exist. They are fed three times a day—6 A.M., 12 noon, and 4 P.M. For "lunch" and "dinner" and also Sunday breakfast they receive about one pint of a thick soup. I tasted some of this and thought it was concocted chiefly of barley and potatoes. I was told that there was meat in it, but could find no evidence of any. For breakfast the prisoners receive black bread with a slice of either cheese or sausage and either tea or coffee. The diet is evidently insufficient. I should say that it was calculated with German accuracy to just keep body and soul together.

The number of prisoners in Germany and Austria is now estimated as fully two million and a quarter, and the number in the territories of the Allies is nearly as great. In addition to these encamped prisoners are many thousands of civilians who have been interned in camps in the different countries and unnumbered thousands of soldiers awaiting a summons to action at the front or resting in preparation for a second call. Since about the first of last January the Young Men's Christian Associations have been carrying on a humanizing work in these various training and prisoners-of-war camps under the general direction of the International Secretary, Dr. John R. Mott.

The obstacles which, at the outset, confronted those who planned this philanthropic campaign were such as might well have daunted men of even enthusiastic courage. The prisoners—men of different languages, nationalities, and creeds—were inevitably distrustful of an organization which they naturally supposed had come to convert if not to proselyte them. The officers in charge of the camps rightly hesitated to allow any organization not directly connected with their government to come into the camps under their charge. The governments were difficult to reach and when reached difficult to persuade. No red tape is quite so tangled and impenetrable as military red tape. In the soldiers' camps a bitter hostility was encountered from the keepers of drinking-places and worse resorts carried on just outside the camp limits. But perhaps the greatest of all difficulties was that of obtaining and training volunteers for this unique service. They must be not only human enough to understand that many of the prisoners needed a good smoke as well as good food, recreation as well as reading, a chance to do some-

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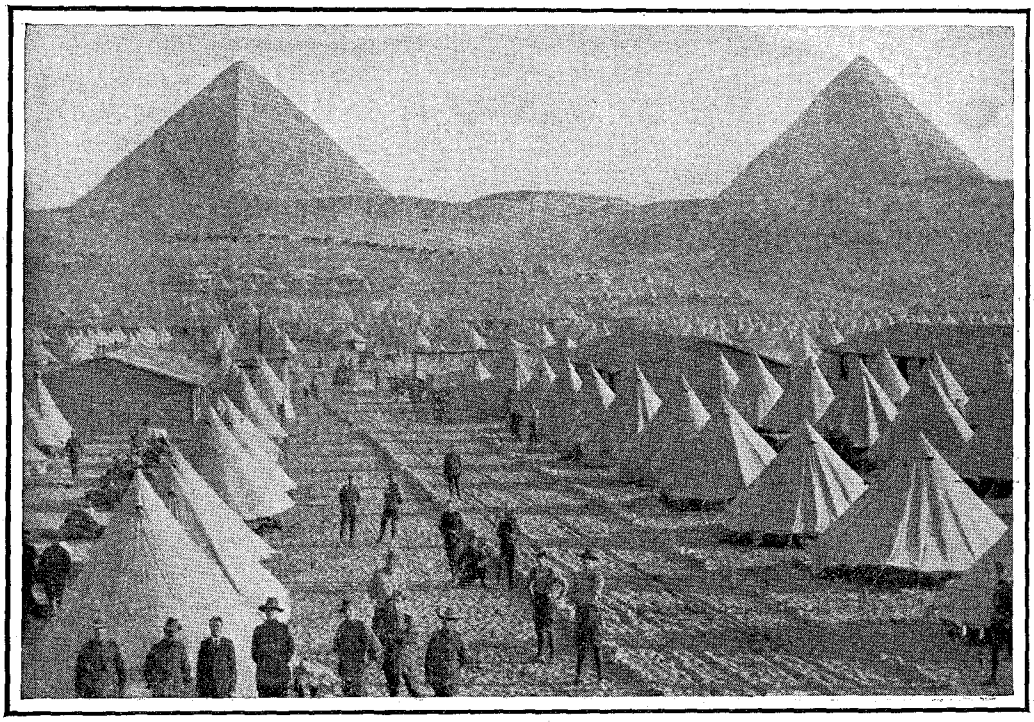

THE TENTS OF THE YOUNGEST NATION—NEW ZEALAND—UNDER THE SHADOW OF THE OLDEST MONUMENTS OF THE WORLD: THE Y. M. C. A. IS AT WORK HERE

thing as well as a chance to listen to talks whether secular or religious, but catholic enough to work sympathetically with men of all faiths—Christian, Jewish, and pagan—and with men of no faith at all.

These obstacles overcome and the consent of the authorities obtained, some one of the Young Men's Christian Associations provides, as near the center of the camp as practicable, what will serve as a club headquarters for the men—prisoners or soldiers, as the case may be. In one case, in England, an abandoned distillery, and in another case, in Russia, a vodka warehouse, were converted into a Young Men's Christian Association hall. Occasionally a tent is put up. But generally what is modestly called a "hut" is constructed of wood in conformity with the style of camp barracks. It may be anywhere from twenty-five by forty feet to fifty by one hundred feet or more. This hut is at once a lounge, a restaurant, a reading and writing room, a recreation and concert hall, an academic and industrial school, and a church, and, what is more remarkable, a Protestant church, a Greek church, and a Roman Catholic church all in one. Whether it is ever a Jewish synagogue I do not know, but doubtless it would be a synagogue if there were Jews who needed it. The letters of these young men, not written for publication, give a graphic picture of what they are doing for their fellow-men.

In a camp of French soldiers "a small hut twenty-five by forty feet in the center of the camp has been erected, and a tiny little man with a mild look and a quiet manner, whom at first sight one would sooner think of asking to teach a Sunday-school class of little girls than to conduct a work for soldiers, was put in charge." The day this "hut" was opened it was crowded. Long stationary tables were built outside, and at once every seat was taken. Twenty-four more tables were added, and still there was not room for all who wished to use them. On one Monday the postmaster reported that he stamped and sent out ten thousand letters. Adjoining the hut is an athletic field for bowling and football, and near by an amphitheater with a platform for boxing, wrestling, and stunts. At another camp, of British soldiers, the weekly order of supplies includes fifty thousand sheets of note-paper, forty thousand envelopes, ten thousand post-cards, and one million cigarettes. These are soldier camps in France. A flight of the imagination swift as that of an electric current will transport us instantly to a camp of German prisoners in France, and a letter characteristically French enables us to see it:

"At this moment a crowd of sailors

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is rushing toward my table to demand paper and envelopes. All hands are extended at once—enormous powerful hands, browned by the sea, which seize the sheets of writing paper as if they were oars. The voice sounds like a bass drum, the eyes burn beneath savage eyebrows, the mobile mouth seems to be shaping some fantastic tale. One would like to embrace these imaginative and sympathetic men." As the evening approaches the crowd increases, and it will take four aids to distribute the paper to the two thousand would-be correspondents. Here they come—"a crowd of soldiers . . . coming from all parts of the compass. The first arrivals take possession of the benches and lay claim to the books, games, and journals. In a moment the ground around the paper will be swarming with men. And even until the beginning of the cinematograph entertainment the crowd will continue to grow; then it reaches the maximum, which at the present time is about twelve hundred. In order to see the better they climb upon the benches, the tables, the trees."

Is it an accident that the letters from the German prisoners in Russia present so different a picture, or is the difference really characteristic? "At Kurgan (in Silesia) we saw and heard a unique orchestra. All of their instruments were home-made. The horns, clarinets, and flutes were made out of cardboard. The violins were dexterously fashioned from ordinary wood. The drums were fearfully and wonderfully made. But those nine musicians rendered for us the Bohemian songs; they somehow or other managed to put a marvelous amount of soul into their playing."

Now let us fly back to England, where we shall find a choir of two hundred male voices, with thirty or forty performers in the orchestra or band to accompany them, rendering the music of the Sunday services in a camp of interned German civilians. Such a choir ought to lend inspiration to even the least susceptible of preachers.

The educational work carried on in these various camps by the prisoners themselves volunteering under the direction of the Young Men's Christian Association excites one's admiration—mine, at any rate—at the resources of democracy; for the movement here described is essentially one of volunteers, unofficial and democratic. "The subjects taught cover English, French, Spanish, Russian, Italian, Danish, Esperanto, Latin, Greek, mathematics, geometry, calculus, stenography, bookkeeping, mechanical drawing,

"GOOD CHEER FROM HOME"—BRITISH SOLDIERS IN THE PRISON CAMP AT GOETTINGEN, THROUGH THE Y. M. C. A. GET PACKAGES FROM THEIR FRIENDS IN ENGLAND

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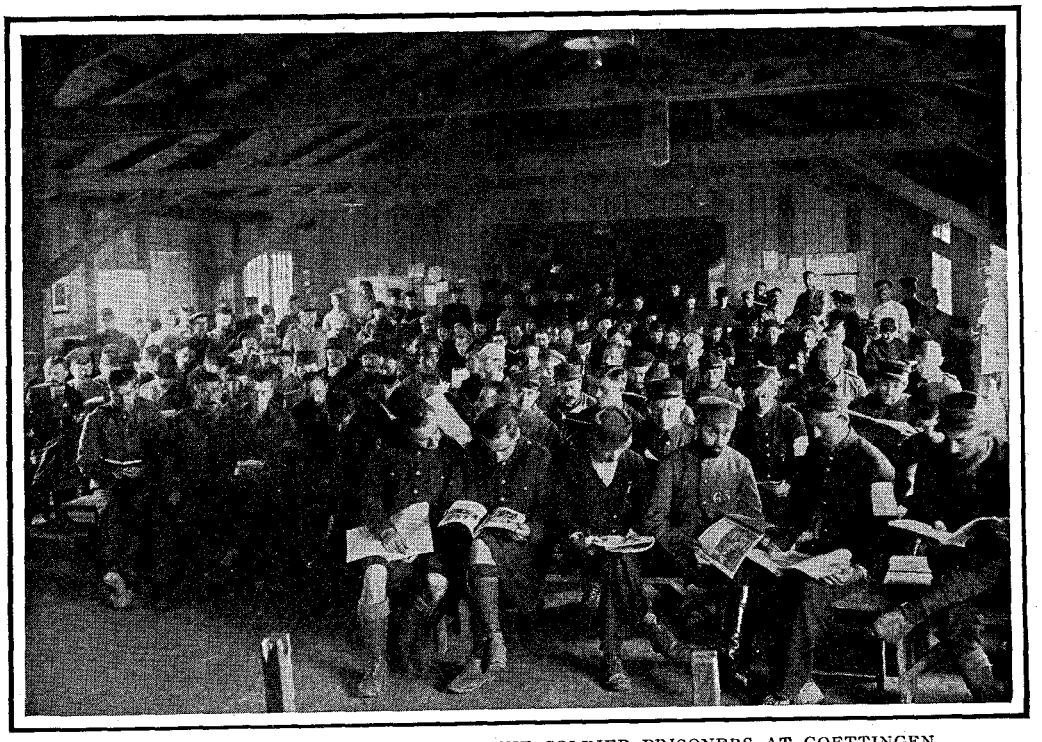

THE Y. M. C. A. READING-ROOM FOR THE SOLDIER PRISONERS AT GOETTINGEN

and art painting in water-colors. Classes in gardening, theory in music, etc., are waiting to get room and facilities to begin." At some camps, especially in Germany, these "huts" have become centers for a circulating library of extraordinary proportions. "There have appeared so far four especially prepared books in German: 'The German Christmas,' 'The German March,' 'St. John's Gospel,' and 'Under German Oak Trees.' Huge editions of forty thousand, fifty thousand, twenty-five thousand, and fifty thousand copies—a total of one hundred and sixty-five thousand copies—have been sent out to the front, for the most part free of charge, usually addressed to individuals."

From time to time these tents or huts are converted from a lounge or concert hall or lecture-room into a church, or what I should prefer to call a "meeting-house." The transformation is easily made. Two tables put together constitute a platform or pulpit for the preacher, and the secular orchestra serves all the purposes of a church organ. Every religious faith is recognized; but no theological creed is imposed, emphasized, or even promulgated. A Greek priest conducts the service of the Russian Greek Church for Russians, a Roman Catholic priest a service for Roman Catholics, a Protestant minister a service for Protestants. As no one is compelled to attend service, no one objects to whatever service may be held, and often Russians, Catholics, and Lutherans join in the same congregation in singing the same hymns. One paragraph from the dedicatory address delivered in one of these huts or club houses is worth quoting as a type of the spirit which pervades these gatherings:

No man can leave this war prison the same man that he entered. Every man here will either acquire or strengthen habits of idleness, and daily deteriorate, and when peace is declared go out slouching and growling, a ruined man, asking to be taken care of by his country, his friends, or even his mother and sisters; or he will acquire and strengthen habits of seeking knowledge, of serving his fellow-men, and of making friends that will so enrich him that he will go out to be in a new sense a benefactor of his home, his country, and his generation.

One does not need to be a pragmatist to accept Professor James's statement that the test of any philosophy is how it works, or Christ's analogous saying that religious teachers and teaching are to be known by their fruits, or the humbler phrase, "the proof of the pudding is in the eating." Religious statistics are dangerously deceptive. But there is significance in such facts as that there has been so great a demand in England for German Bibles that America has been called on to send over a supply of ten thou-

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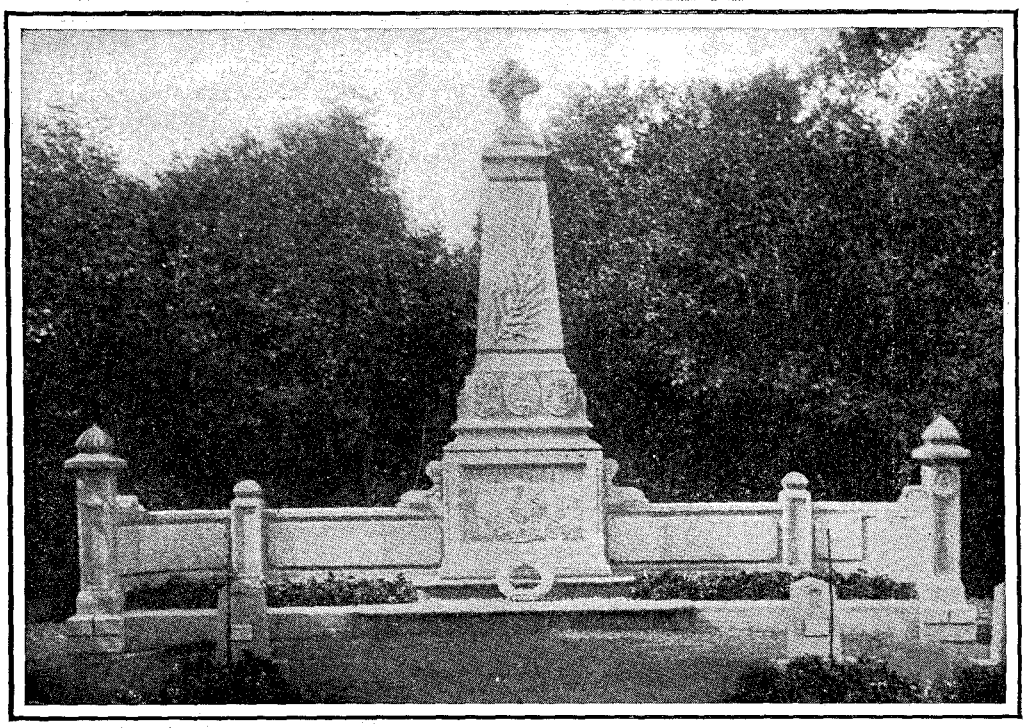

A MONUMENT DESIGNED BY FRENCH PRISONERS AND ERECTED BY THEM, WITH THE CO-OPERATION OF THE GERMAN AUTHORITIES, TO THE MEMORY OF THE PRISON DEAD AT THE PRISON CAMP IN MUENSTER, GERMANY

sand copies, that New Testaments are being distributed with the consent of the Russian Government in all the different Russian prison camps, that in one soldiers' camp in England over twelve thousand have signed the pledge—probably a very much larger number by this time—and that many have voluntarily signed a roll which pledges them not to temperance merely, but to all the Christian virtues. In France, "one of the best evidences of the real success of the work is that within ten days from the opening of the foyer the keepers of the cafés and dives sent up a terrible howl about our ruining their business. They wrote to the Minister of War accusing me of being a German spy and the secretary of being a Swiss spy. They made all sorts of threats, so that for a time we did not know what might happen. Their bluffs were called and now they are quite meek. When the general heard that they were losing three hundred francs a day because of the foyer, he said, 'That isn't enough, we'll make 'em lose more.' The doctor-in-chief said that since we began he had scarcely seen a case of drunkenness, and that sickness had greatly decreased." Actions speak louder than words. The co-operation of Christian young men both from the neutral and from the warring nations in an endeavor to promote the happiness and welfare of the soldiers and the prisoners regardless of their nationality is doing more to commend Christianity to the skeptical and the indifferent than learned treatises on the evidences or eloquent pulpit exhortations to Christian faith. "I have come," writes a soldier from the trenches, "to the realization that only through the friendship idea can we come to a proper comprehension of God." What is this but saying in a more practical way what Dr. George A. Gordon has said in his suggestive volume entitled "Through Man to God"?

A striking illustration of the truth that Christ's work can be very efficiently done without making any "profession of religion," if we are only large-minded enough to do it, is furnished by the work of the Young Men's Christian Association in the camp of the East Indian troops. Since the famous Indian mutiny in 1857 the British Government has entirely dissociated the political from the ecclesiastical organization in India and has not allowed any religious work to be carried on under the auspices or with the apparent backing of the Government. When the Young Men's Christian Association pro-

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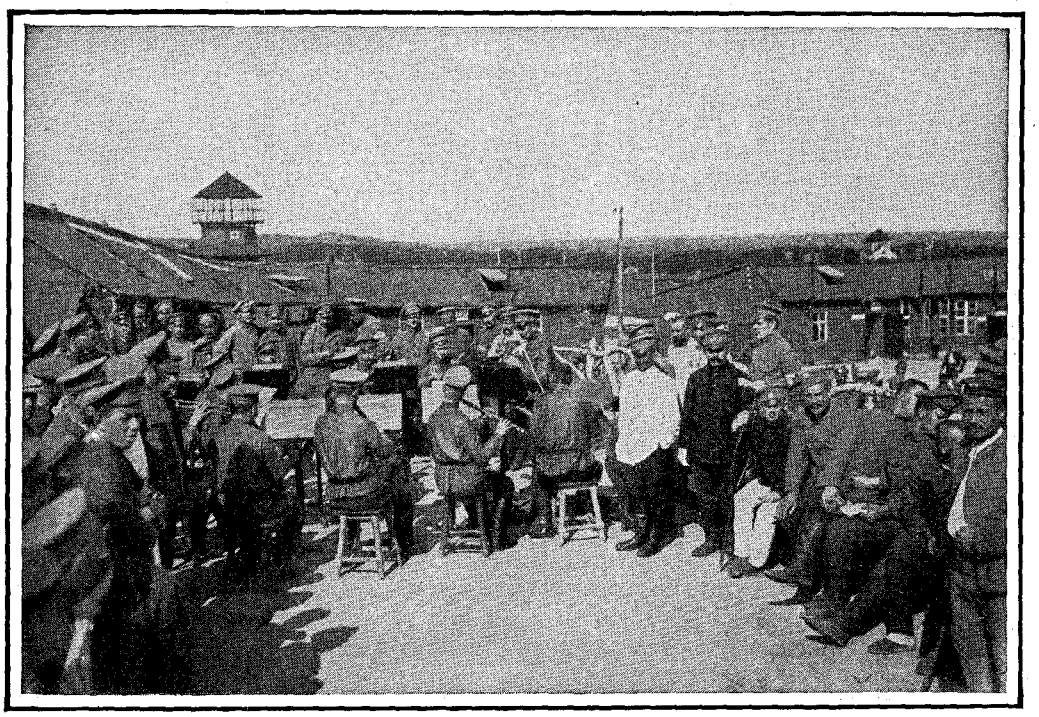
posed to establish in the Indian camps a work analogous to that carried on in other camps, the condition was prescribed that "no religious work should be done." The condition was accepted, and has been loyally and literally complied with. The word went about among the workers in these camps that neither Christ nor Christianity was to be mentioned. The Gospel of John says of Jesus Christ that he is "the light which *lighteth every man* that cometh into the world." To this inward light the appeal was made, and this appeal was couched in terms of service rather than of teaching. The result is that "the Sikhs [of Hindustan] think so much of the secretaries that they invite them to their religious meetings, and, what is heretofore unheard of, invite the secretaries to address them." While working in fellowship with pagan religious teachers, not in hostility to them, is not unheard of in modern missions, I do not know of any instance in which its efficiency has been so dramatically illustrated. "While it is true that Christianity cannot be preached in these camps, yet it is being lived to great effect; all the men know it is a Christian work. One of the men said, 'None but Christians would render such service to their countrymen.'"

I make no attempt in this fragmentary account, based entirely upon personal letters from workers in the camps, to describe the extent of the work. In this Christian campaign, as in the military campaign which it accompanies, each local officer knows only what goes on in his own field. Apparently, however, there is no country which the war has entered in which this service of help and healing has not also entered, and I am inclined to the belief that there is no prisoners' camp of any considerable size in which there is not a Young Men's Christian Association hut or tent. It would have been impossible to organize and carry on so widely extended a work with resources so small if the leaders of the movement had not thrown the responsibility for its conduct largely on local volunteers—sometimes on local pastors, sometimes on officers in charge of the camp, but oftenest on the prisoners themselves. In at least one camp a local Young Men's Christian Association has been organized. Russians are working with Germans, Germans with Frenchmen, Austrians with Servians, in co-operation for the common welfare. Yesterday these men were shooting at each other to kill. To-day they are helping each other to live a larger, better, richer life. Such are the blessed inconsistencies of human nature. While the newspapers are full of the stories



THE Y. M. C. A. ORCHESTRA IN THE PRISON CAMP AT CROSSEN, GERMANY

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of diplomatic struggles and of military victories or defeats, this unheralded and unsuspected work, as quiet as the spring sap in the forest trees and as full of invisible power, is preparing for the new life of the future.

The meaning of this world movement is well interpreted in the words of the speaker from whose dedicatory address I have already quoted: "This relation of brotherhood means that under other conditions or in other places, with the nationalities represented here to-day taking part in changed conditions, the same thing would take place; as it also foretells that when peace shall have been declared, in our world brotherhood, made clean as by fire, not as before but much more so, we shall be seen shoulders together, and shoulder to shoulder for the protection and advancement of young men, for greater awe and tenderness for women, and for the care of the helpless, the injured. and the aged."

The Knoll, Cornwall-on-the-Hudson.

BREAK YOUR MATCH IN TWO!

BY THOMAS H. SIMPSON

ONE day late in June a man in a room on the seventh floor of an old-fashioned brick building in Washington, holding a sheaf of telegrams in his left hand, was busy with his right taking red-headed pins out of his mouth and sticking them into little irregular blocks of green ink scattered over a large white wall map of the United States.

"The big problem," he said. taking a fresh pin out of his mouth and turning sidewise to his assistant, "is to get at the fellow who knows what conservation is, but forgets to apply it when he lights up a cigar in the woods."

The assistant sat at a flat-topped oak desk in the middle of the room, struggling through a mass of reports from field men in the endeavor to find suggestions for a set of fire-prevention "rules."

"Well, what do you think of this?" he said, holding up a report from the Pacific Northwest: "'Break your match in two before you throw it away!'"

The other man stuck the last red pin into the map, reached for his pipe, and lighted it.

"Let's see," he said. He snapped the burning match in his fingers; as the pieces dropped to the floor he uttered a sharp exclamation and tenderly licked the index finger of his left hand.

The assistant laughed. "That's the idea!" he said. "You've got to blow it out before you break it, or get burned."

So this suggestion became No. 1 of a set of ten rules which the Forest Service sent to six thousand newspapers at the beginning of the summer's fire season in the National Forests. There has been improvement, yet the little green blocks which stand for National Forests on the white wall map in the Office of Operation of the Forest Service at Washington are now bristling with red pins, each one of which represents ten forest fires. At the end of August there had been nearly two thousand fires; by the first of November the total was running above five thousand. No one can foretell what the ultimate figures may show in loss of lives and property.

The 159 National Forests contain about twenty-one per cent of all standing timber in the United States, valued at about one billion dollars. The forage and water power are worth about a billion more, while it is impossible to estimate the value of the Forests' resources for recreational purposes. From May to October of every year this incalculably vast body of natural wealth is in danger.

A few years ago a millionaire New Yorker became interested in forestry and bought a thirty-thousand-acre tract in the Adirondacks. He employed the most expert foresters that he could find to make the tract over into a model forest. It took several years to do this work, and when it was completed the tract represented a very considerable investment. The owner and his employees, however, had failed to give sufficient consideration to the fire danger. One day in the early autumn, after a long dry spell, when the woods were as inflammable as excelsior, a fire started. A wind came up, and before the wardens could mobilize more than a handful of fire-fighters the entire forest was a desolate waste of ashes and charred snags.

There have been numerous forest fires of historic importance—the Hinckley fire in Minnesota, in which 1,500 persons lost their

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lives; the Miramichi fire in New Brunswick, in which the inhabitants of several towns were burned to death; the comparatively recent fires in the National Forests in 1910, when 78 employees of the Forest Service were killed—but I cite this Adirondack case in preference, because it aptly illustrates the dependence of any system of forest management on adequate fire protection. At the very inception of its work the Forest Service realized the necessity of efficient fire protection; but it is only within the last few months that the protective system has been brought to its present pitch, through trial, experiment, and the multiplication of devices and equipment. As distinct from the preventive efforts that are being organized into a cohesive campaign of education, the protective organization in the National Forests is now based on a prearranged system of mobilization almost identical with that of an efficient military body. Speed and overwhelming force are as necessary to suppress forest fires as to extinguish factory or tenement-house blazes or to win a military engagement. Five minutes one way or another often means the salvation or destruction of enormous wealth; for a small surface fire might be picked up by a sudden gale of wind and whisked into the tops of the trees, to become a raging crown fire that could not be controlled by anything short of a cloudburst. In an examination for the position of assistant ranger in the Government service the question was asked, "What would you do in the case of a crown fire?" One of the applicants replied, "Run like the old scratch and pray for rain at every jump!"

This applicant—and, by the way, he passed the examination and got his appointment—had had experience with crown fires. The ordinary crown fire sweeps through the woods at a rate of from three to ten miles an hour; some of them have been known to spread nearly a mile a minute. Two miles an hour is pretty good speed for a man in the woods, and in one National Forest that I know of the best time possible is a quarter of a mile an hour.

During the period of greatest danger—from about June 15 to September 15—the entire force in the National Forests in the West concentrates on fire protection. On every point of vantage in the mountains a lookout sits all day long on a raised platform sweeping with his binoculars the panorama visible through the continuous strip of glass that runs around the four sides of his house. Roads and trails almost sufficient to girdle the earth and 18,000 miles of telephone lines link together the lookouts, the patrols, the guards, the rangers, the supervisors, and the emergency forces. The men on duty in the danger zones are doubled in number, or trebled, and tools and commissary supplies for as many more as may be called upon are held in readiness.

Every ranger is expected to be prepared to do quick and effective work in his district at any moment, day or night. At ranger meetings a forest fire game is played which is very similar to the war game played by the officers in the United States army. A large-scale detailed map of the Forest is hung up in front of the assembled rangers, and a movable cardboard arrow indicates the direction of the wind. A bright-colored tack is stuck into the map at random, and the ranger in whose district the pin is stuck must answer without hesitation a rapid-fire series of questions: Where is the fire? What is the character of the timber and topography? How can it be reached? Where and how can men be obtained? Where and how would you attack it? Where are the nearest tool and grub caches? The value of this preparation is illustrated by the case of a ranger who, living two miles from a small town in one of the southern Oregon Forests, received a telephone report of a fire twelve miles away. He saddled his horse, rode to town, got four automobiles and twenty men, and had the fire under control forty-eight minutes after receiving the report.

When it happens that a fire is too big for a ranger, he has to call for help. At certain strategic points—railway centers and places where labor and supplies can be obtained—warehouses have been established; in Montana, for example, three warehouses have been established this year, each storing fire tools and commissary supplies for five hundred men. Advance arrangements have been made with provision and tool dealers, garage-keepers, railways, and liveries; agreements are in existence with employment agencies in the big cities for the prompt despatch of large forces of men. Rangers, miners, lumbermen, cow-punchers, and the laboring population of National Forest towns know where their places will be in the case of a general forest fire mobilization, and the Forest officers have their prearranged tasks marked out for them. The total number of

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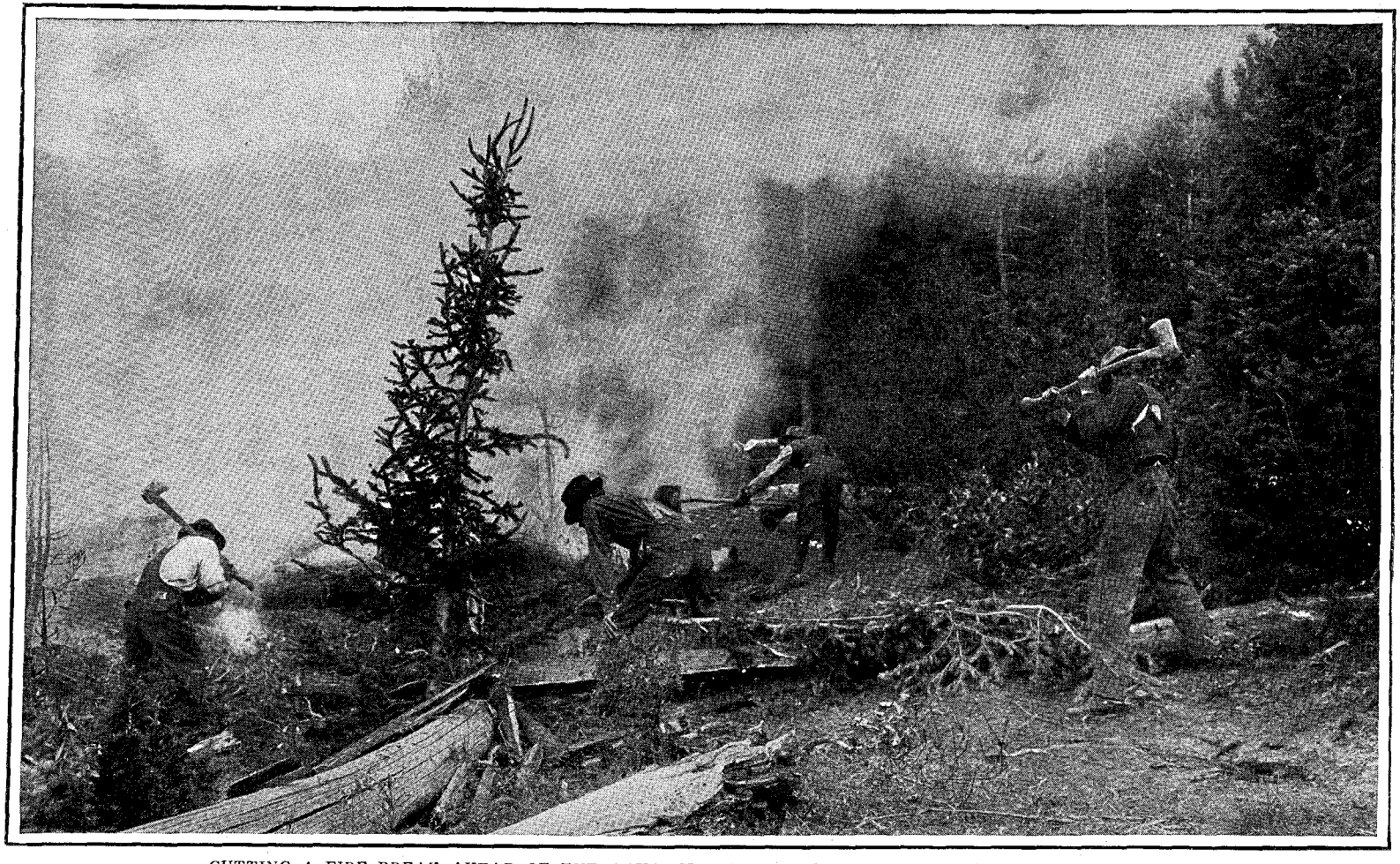

CUTTING A FIRE BREAK AHEAD OF THE ADVANCING FLAMES IN WASATCH NATIONAL FOREST, UTAH

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men under agreement to respond to a fire emergency call in the National Forests is in excess of 25,000.

I have said that during three months of the year the Forest Service concentrates its entire force on protection. During twelve months of the year, however, it is engaged in prevention, upon which from now on the heaviest stress possible will be laid. About the time when the red pins began to appear on the wall map in the office of the Forest Service at Washington the 30,000 stockmen in the National Forests received copies of a circular letter urging them, for the sake of forage and water, to be careful with fire. In many grazing localities stockmen who used to be rather careless with fire, and, in fact, often started fires to burn off the old grass and stimulate new growth, have learned that fires cost them money. In one region of the West where there are large open stretches of grassy prairies between the trees, the inhabitants, whose livelihood depends upon the grazing resources of the locality, decided to quit smoking during the dry season. Rather than run the risk of burning up their forage, with one accord they turned to chewing.

It is more difficult to teach the average city dweller that he is intimately concerned in the forest fire losses of the Nation; and even when he fully understands that the destruction of the country's forests would eventually make him pay higher prices for the lumber with which he builds his house or the newspaper that he takes from a boy in the street, it is hard to make him careful with fire in the woods. Besides being one of the chief causes of preventable forest fires, carelessness is by long odds the hardest to combat. The supervisor of a California Forest at the beginning of last summer's season reported that, owing to increased travel on the part of the public, the fire risk in certain parts of his Forest was fully ten times worse than in any previous year. The nan who spends eleven and a half months of the year in an office is more than likely to be careless in the woods.

"Consider the concentrated power of a match!" I take the words from a poster which, under this striking caption, shows a picture of a flaring match side by side with one of a blazing forest. "A tree will make a million matches," says another poster; "a match will waste a million trees. A match has a head, but it can't think. You have to think for it."

Formerly the tired business man seeking recreation in the National Forests now and then came upon small cardboard or cloth signs tacked on trees stating that forest fires must not be started either carelessly or willfully, under penalty of fine or imprisonment. Though signs in the woods are still the best means of focusing attention on the forest-fire menace, the old-style signs attracted no more attention than a knot on a tree, besides conveying merely a threat instead of a lesson. So the woods traveler this year was confronted by new signs; in some places, by blue and yellow or red and white posters, seven by three feet in size, and placed where he simply can't help seeing them:

YOU ARE CAREFUL WITH FIRE!
WILL YOU NOT TEACH OTHERS TO BE CAREFUL WHILE THEY ARE IN THE WOODS?
PUT OUT CAMP AND SLASH FIRES,
MATCHES AND CIGARETTES

There is no suggestion of "verboten" in this; rather there is an appeal to the reader's intelligence and generosity.

Say you are a business man resident in St. Louis or New York, and you want to take a hunting trip on the Sawtooth National Forest in Idaho, a forest famous for its game. Having written for information, you receive a map folder of the Forest and a statement of the Idaho game laws. The map indicates the points of communication in or near the Forest, the roads, trails, telephone lines, railways, ranger stations, lookouts, streams, and hotels. Mineral hot springs in which you can boil eggs or a ham without starting a fire are indicated on the map; so are the localities of scenic interest and the regions where game is abundant.

The locomotive pulling the train on which you ride to the Forest is perhaps an oil-burner, the company having found that coal-burners develop a propensity for starting fires along the right of way. In the smoker, in your Pullman, in the observation car, may be signs requesting you not to toss lighted cigar and cigarette stubs from the train. Some railways even keep the car windows nailed down during the fire season.

When you get off at the business or railway center nearest the Forest, you may meet a uniformed Forest officer who will direct you to the office of the supervisor, where the best and cheapest way to find accommodations, guides, and pack animals will be explained to you. The supervisor gives you a card setting forth the game laws of the State. Later on, when you consult this card in the

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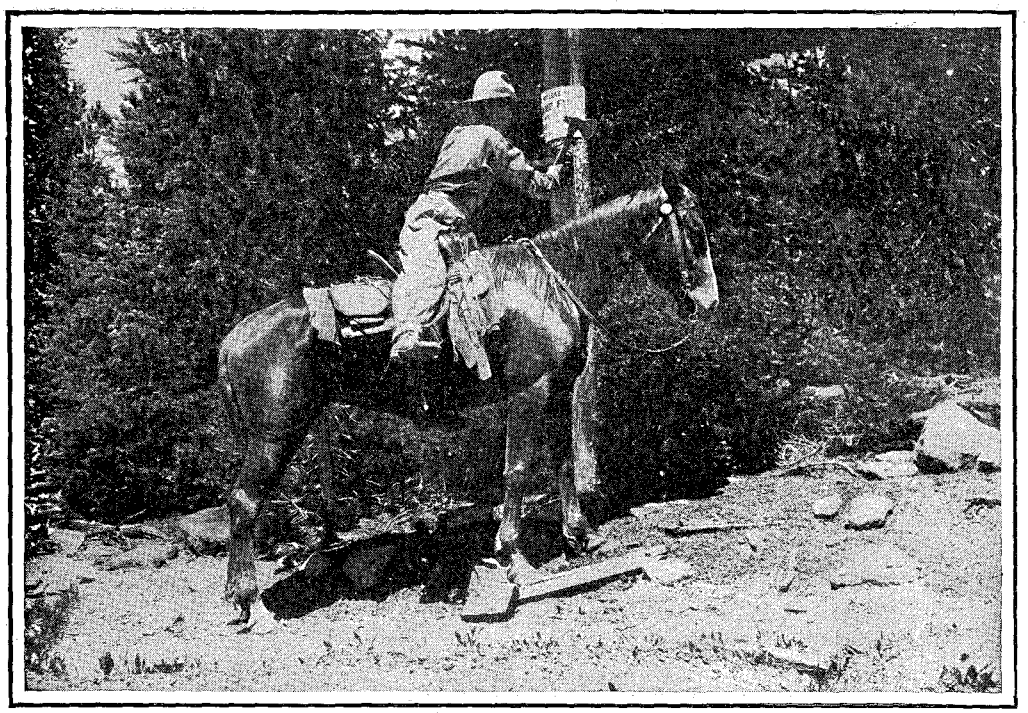

A RANGER PUTTING UP A FIRE-WARNING SIGN

field, you notice that the back of it conveys a forest fire warning.

Before you start for the woods you may want to replenish your stock of cigars. The tobacco dealer will hand you the cigars in neat paper folders, and you may find, to your surprise, that the printed inscriptions on them advertise the danger of forest fires. In the hotel where you register for the night you may notice that the blotter which you use after signing the book also conveys a forest fire warning.

As you enter the Forest you are greeted by a sign printed in red ink, like this :

GOING HUNTING?
Be Careful with Your Matches and Tobacco

Farther on you come to an iron telephone box affixed to a tree, with a large black and white notice over it :

PLEASE REPORT FOREST FIRES HERE

When you stop at a trail-side spring to get a drink, you may find a cup there, or you may have been given a supply of "sanitary" paper cups before you started. In either case a forest fire warning is conveyed by the cup ; if paper, it is printed on the outside ; if iron, it is stamped in the inside of the bottom, so that he who drinks may read. Over the spring you catch sight of another sign bearing the pertinent inquiry :

DID YOU PUT OUT YOUR CAMP FIRE?

Along the trail you will be likely to pass occasionally tall wooden cases like sentry-boxes, each stamped suggestively :

U. S. FOREST SERVICE, FIRE-FIGHTING TOOLS

If you are seeking a camping-place for the night, you may meet a ranger who will direct you to a spot where a fireplace, safe even when used by the most careless camper, has been dug in the ground by Forest employees. You will be encouraged to climb up the mountain to visit the lookout in the tiny house whose windows you can see gleaming in the sun. The lookout is a lonely man ; he spends three months of the year all by himself on the bleak top of a mountain. He will be glad to see you. He'll show you the finding device with which he spots fires at distances of from ten to forty miles, and perhaps a heliograph with which he flashes warnings when his telephone is out of order. He'll talk about the climate and other matters, and he'll never miss an opportuntity to drive home the loss caused by forest fires—for that is part of his job.

Last year an official went out from Washington with a motion-picture photographer to take pictures of Forest Service activities to be shown at the San Francisco Exposition. They had taken some excellent pictures of lumbering operations and sheep-herding in

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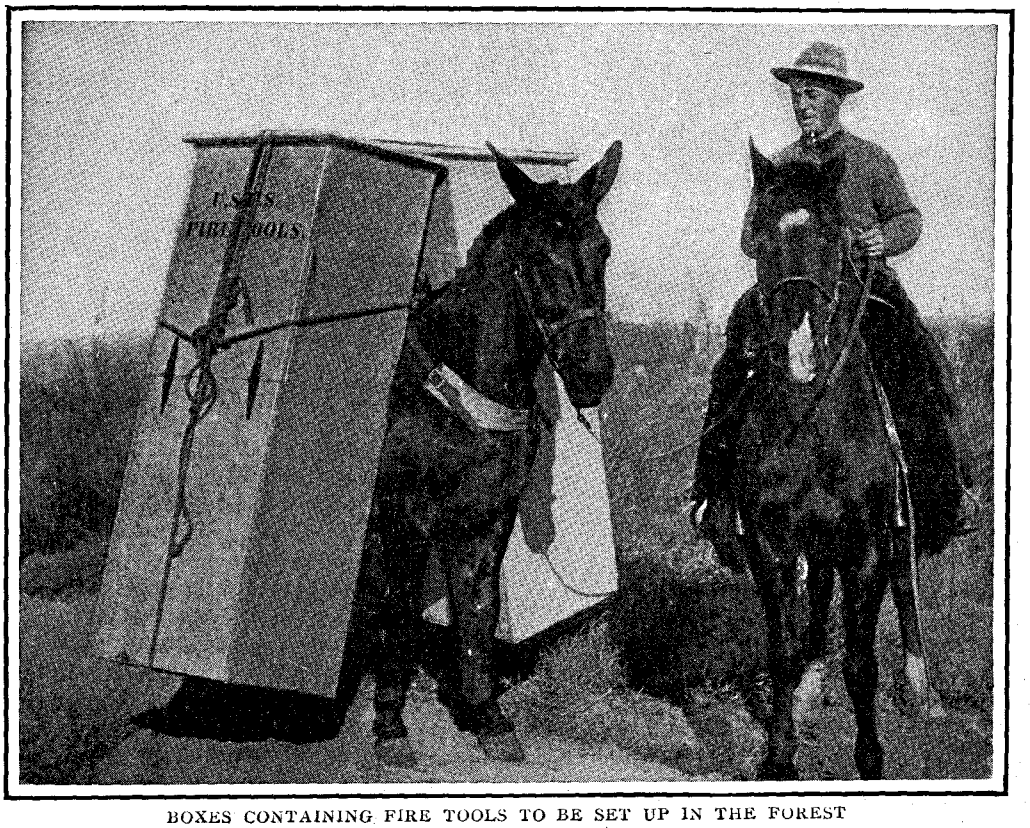
the Forests, and were about to go back and develop the films, when suddenly they came upon a big forest fire. It was a great piece of luck from a movie man's point of view. They got not only some fine "action" in the way of actual fire fighting, but they also got a very good picture of a large town being burned up. This remarkable film is now being used in the forest fire campaign which is being carried on outside the Forests.

Educational efforts are proving to be the best remedy even for incendiarism. In a certain Forest in California, two years ago, there were more incendiary fires than in any other Forest in the country. The Forest Service had tried to teach the local residents that "light burning," to which they were addicted, was a costly practice in the long run, besides being against the law; but both argument and legal process failed to have any effect. Finally one of the Forest officers hit upon the idea of forming a local fire-protective association. A mass-meeting was held, and the prominent residents who had been the most obstinate devotees of light burning were elected officers. The association agreed to prevent fires in timberland, while the Forest Service agreed to permit and to assist in burning brushland, which the settlers wanted cleared for agricultural purposes. The very men who had been the stubbornest advocates of light burning immediately became the best fire-prevention propagandists in the region. Last season there were no fires in this Forest.

In another California Forest, where incendiary fires caused tremendous losses, a man who had been born and brought up in the neighborhood was appointed supervisor. Almost as soon as he had taken hold incendiary fires stopped. A report by his superior says that the reason lies entirely in the personality of the new supervisor. The young man, says the report, has a kindly, genial nature, and knows every man, woman, and child in the county.

This Forest partially surrounds an Indian reservation on which forest fires are burning almost continuously during the dry season. The Indians make soup out of grasshoppers, and the squaws often start fires in the grass in order to singe the insects' wings, that they may be caught more easily. In the last few years, however, there have been practically



BOXES CONTAINING FIRE TOOLS TO BE SET UP IN THE FOREST

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A RANGER TRYING TO KEEP HIS CABIN FROM CATCHING FIRE—AN INCIDENT OF AN OREGON FOREST FIRE

no fires in that part of the Forest which is immediately adjacent to the reservation. Inquiry to discover the reason for this change developed the fact that the Indians regard the ranger in charge of the district nearest the reservation as a "brother," because he speaks their language, helps to fix their trails whenever he can, and often gives them work.

It used to be a common practice of the Indians in all parts of North America to set fire to the woods in order to drive the game within range of their arrows; sometimes enlightened citizens of the United States even nowadays start forest fires for the same purpose, burning up large amounts of timber and denuding watersheds for the sake of a close-range shot at a buck. Many fires on the National Forests are set by persons who simply want to make the management of the National Forests as difficult as possible, and it is of record that jobless men have deliberately started fires in order to obtain employment as fire-fighters. Sometimes an incendiary device is discovered after a fire. A disastrous fire in the Cleveland National Forest was started by a lens set to focus the sun's ray on a pile of matches. A lighted candle in a cigar box was used to start another bad fire in the Sierra National Forest, and a pitch-pine knot stuck in a fir thicket started a fire in the Stanislaus National Forest.

In a certain California Forest more than half of the sixty-nine fires which occurred in twelve months were incendiary. Upon investigation, it was found that the stockmen wanted to clear away the timber to make cattle-herding easier; that the settlers wanted to clear away the inflammable undergrowth from the neighborhood of their homes. One young man said that he had struck a good mineral "trace' on a mountain-side, but that the vein was covered with brush, and therefore hard to follow. The young prospector said he had set a fire, but it would not burn; he intended to return next year, he added, and burn the country off.

Even persons whose direct interests are at stake sometimes are hard to convert to the doctrine of fire prevention. Private timber owners often feel that protection or prevention is too expensive, and sometimes it takes a costly experience to enlighten them. In the last few years, however, half a hundred co-operative associations have been formed, and they protect upward of 25,000,000 acres, spending enormous sums in prevention propa-

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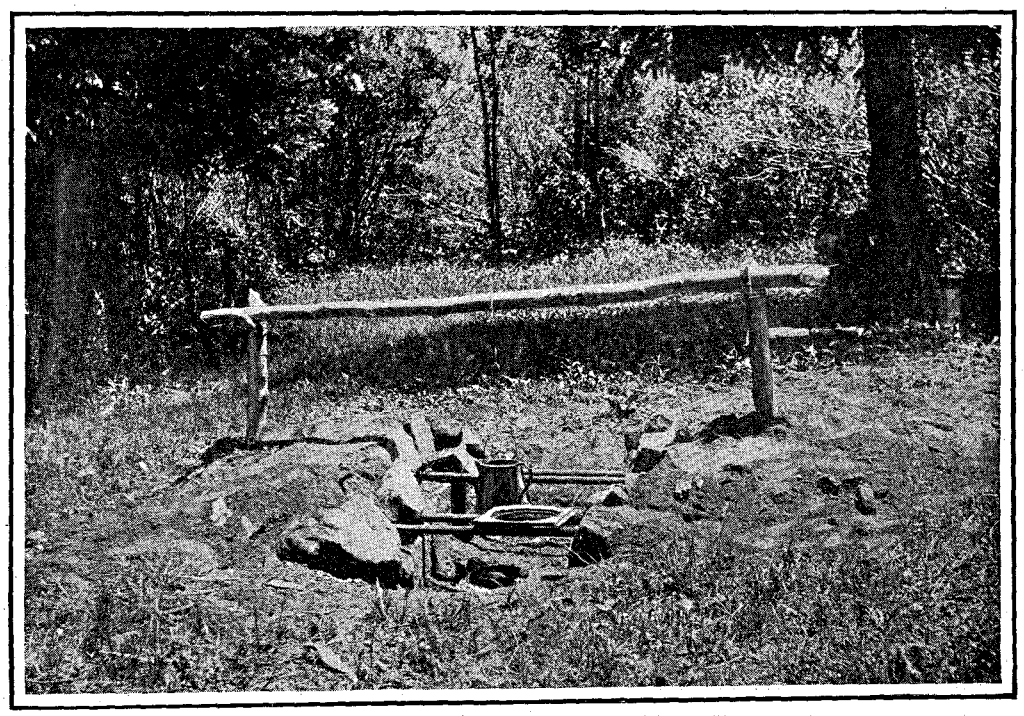
ganda, patrol systems, and fire-fighting. The head of a lumber company in Idaho told a Forest Service official that his concern spent $100,000 last year to protect timber holdings of about 200,000 acres.

In some California localities every box of oranges is taxed one cent by the growers' associations, and the money is turned over to the Forest Service to be expended in obtaining more intensive fire protection than can be had under the Federal appropriations for watersheds from which the irrigation supply comes.

After the great fires of 1910 a railway running through Montana and Idaho was induced to put oil-burning locomotives on all trains during the fire season. The reduction in the number of fires along the right of way and in the expense incurred by the railway in fighting fires started by its own engines was so great that the superintendent of the Rocky Mountain Division told an official of the Forest Service that he would refuse to move freight over his division rather than put a coal-burning engine on the road during the dry season. Little by little the locomotive-spark danger is being diminished by educating the railway companies and by State legislation.

The Weeks Law, passed by Congress in 1911, has been a tremendous stimulant to fire prevention on the part of the States. To-day thirty States have forestry departments, most of them employing professional foresters, and more than half of these States have efficient fire-protective systems, protecting a hundred million acres of their own lands and those of private owners. Twenty States share in the $100,000 appropriated at the last session of Congress.

A few years ago the average loss by forest fires in the United States was estimated at seventy lives and $25,000,000 a year. Last year, when the weather conditions were extremely severe from the standpoint of fire protection, when, in fact, they were in many regions the worst on record, the forest fire losses of the entire country were estimated at less than $10,000,000. Increasingly efficient protection has had its effect, but the co-operative spirit which has developed in the public as a result of the prevention propaganda is becoming the chief cause of the reduction.



A "FOOL-PROOF" FIREPLACE CONSTRUCTED BY FOREST OFFICERS TO KEEP CARELESS CAMPERS FROM SETTING FIRES

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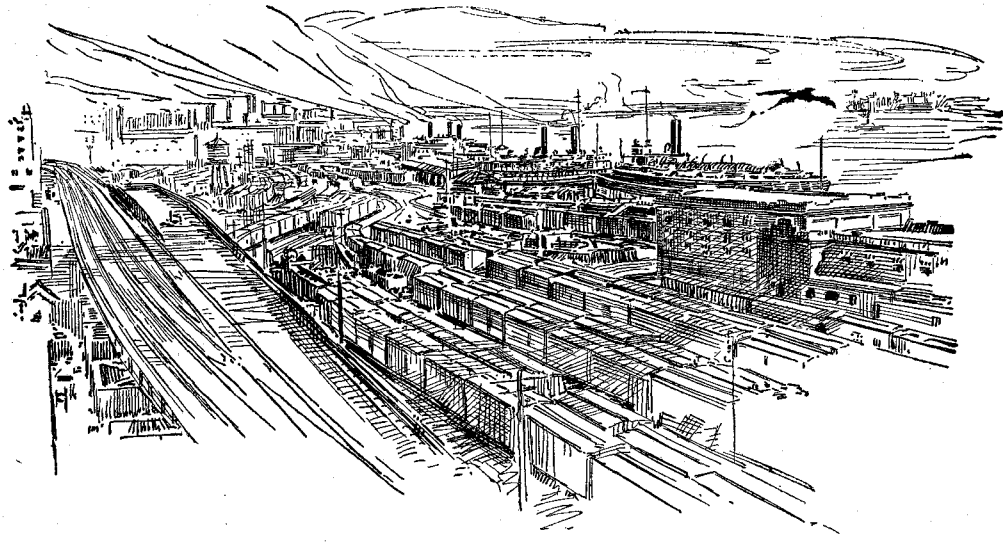

"F. O. B. DETROIT"

THE ROMANCE OF THE WONDER CITY OF THE MAGIC MOTOR

STAFF CORRESPONDENCE OF THE OUTLOOK

PEN-AND-INK SKETCHES BY L. H. JUNKER

FROM the Campus Martius to Grand Circus Park in the city of Detroit there is an ever-changing panorama that takes the visitor at once into the heart of this prodigy of cities. The crowds move along swiftly, eagerly, but without that tension which is characteristic of a mass of New Yorkers. On all sides are reflected the many activities that reach far out into the suburbs. Daylight reveals stately structures towering, in all their unblemished newness, above the streets that with each passing month become more crowded and more cosmopolitan in character. Until well into the evening the shops and stores still hold out their lure to the throng of buyers, and the great buildings are illuminated shafts against the sky.

For the days are not long enough in Detroit, and this bounding, effervescent city must needs labor into the night. Detroit, newly sprung into a position of industrial glory, reminds one of a young student of precocious knowledge who, having advanced, studies his spelling with all nerves a-tingle and his eyes on the head of the class.

A motor car must necessarily move slowly with the procession of vehicles along the quarter-mile of Woodward Avenue from the Campus Martius to Grand Circus Park, though Detroit drivers are not without daring. But, whatever his difficulties, the chauffeur is an institution in Detroit, and in the course of a week's visit one may pick up a lot of stray philosophy from the uniformed gentry who take the public's fare at the dictation of the taximeter. Every one in the Michigan metropolis is buoyant, enthusiastic, with an engaging point of view; but from the taxicab driver the visitor gets a different slant on things. He has a smattering of knowledge of almost everything, and will confide to you specific means of political betterment as readily as he will relate a Ford story. With it all he has a pervading optimism, and in the course of a short ride, if adequately encouraged, he will give you a glowing epitome of all that Detroit holds dear.

"There's always got to be something doing in Detroit," one said to me after a dissertation on the city's progress; and there you have the spirit of the place—the spirit of do and dare to accomplish things, the intense desire for activity, the penetrating belief in the great destiny of Detroit, and the supreme joy of achievement. This same mental attitude one finds in the millionaire manufacturer, who sends his products broadcast over the earth, and in the clerk in a news-stand or in the boy who shines your shoes. It is the personality

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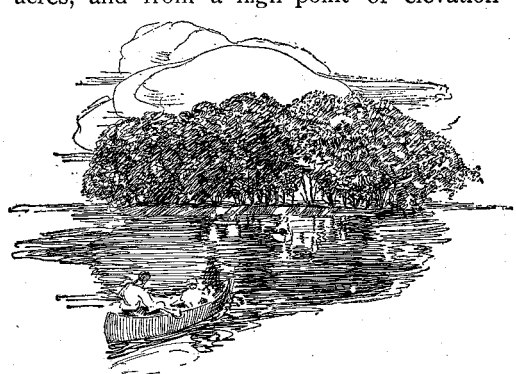
of Detroit, always to be distinctly associated with the place.

What cannot be seen from a motor car one may observe with interest in walking through the thoroughfares of the city. The shop windows display Made-in-Detroit goods, and on all sides are evidences of civic pride and local patriotism. On the afternoon after my arrival in Detroit I made a leisurely tour of the main business streets, passing some time in Griswold Street, known as the "Wall Street of Detroit," where are financed the many vast industrial activities that have raised Greater Detroit to its present eminence and made the phrase "F. O. B. Detroit" familiar the world over. I visited the Board of Commerce, perhaps the most widely discussed local commercial organization in the world, where epoch-making industrial movements have been inaugurated; and then accepted an invitation to ascend to the top of the Penobscot Building, the stately twenty-four-story office structure not long since completed.

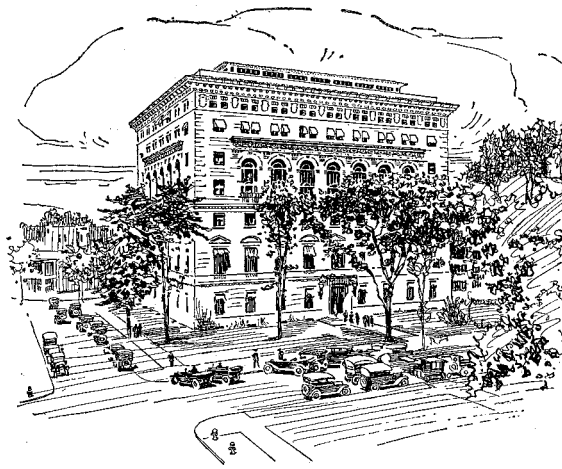
From this point of observation Detroit is seen as a magnificent spectacle of modern industry and city-building, a view indeed that repays the municipality for its expenditure of two million dollars in beautifying the great spaces that stretch beyond the vision of the eye. Detroit is laid out like a French city, its streets and avenues radiating from two central points, and with many beautiful parks, squares, and parkways. Within its borders are thirty-six parks, with a total area of 1,298 acres, and from a high point of elevation



A VIEW IN BELLE ISLE PARK

these make an attractive framework for the residential and industrial sections of the city.

Looking east, Belle Isle, with its seven hundred acres of park landscape, is seen, and beyond flows the Detroit River, where more than thirty thousand vessels annually are docked and loaded with products manufactured in Detroit and destined for all parts of the world. In all directions the streets and avenues, laid out under the direction of Augustus B. Woodward, a Territorial judge, after the destruction of the city by fire in 1805, stretch out gracefully to the far sections of the city.



THE NEW DETROIT ATHLETIC CLUB

Below lay the great business section of the city, the heart of which was the original Detroit, now fully modernized. Here the *grand seigneur*, Antoine Laumet de la Mothe Cadillac, established Fort Pontchartrain when he landed with one hundred followers in 1701. What if the French adventurer were to return to Detroit to-day? Of one thing we may be sure—he would be asked to shorten his name; and then some representative citizens, in all probability, would speak to him somewhat after this fashion: "Take off your plush coat and gold laces, Mr. Cadillac; we can do without the jeweled snuff-box, too; we shall be more interested in what you *produce*." Detroit, hearty, wholesome city that it is, appraises a man only by his achievements. In the mighty crucible of industrial Detroit the weak fluids show themselves early, and no alchemist ever was a sterner taskmaster than is the City of the Straits.

It is not many years ago (within the recollection of surviving citizens of the city, in fact) that Detroit was little more than a town, and known principally as headquarters for furs and chewing tobacco. The place also boasted six pine sawmills. More than that, Detroit had little. Prosperity started in 1874, when an industry of fair proportions was developed in the foundries and machine shops. Many

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GRISWOLD STREET—THE "WALL STREET OF DETROIT," WHERE THE LARGE INDUSTRIAL ACTIVITIES OF THE MICHIGAN METROPOLIS HAVE BEEN FINANCED

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other channels of commercial activity were opened, but it remained for the Magic Motor to make Detroit the Wonder City of the country. The automobile industry really had its start in Detroit in 1899, but the Census officials did not take it seriously, and no attempt was made to collect any data on the manufacture of motor cars until the following year. In the decade from 1900 to 1910 the world saw the automobile leap into a prominent place among the important commodities of the time, and the principal motor activity centered in Detroit.

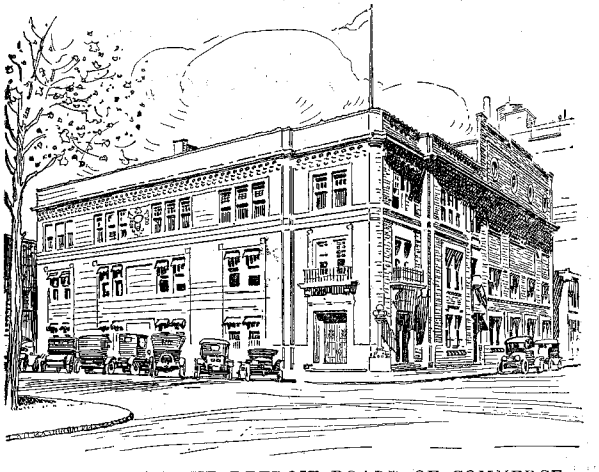
CHARLES B. WARREN, PRESIDENT OF DETROIT BOARD OF COMMERCE

During these ten years Detroit as a producing center advanced from sixteenth to seventh place among American cities; by 1912 the sixth rank had been reached; in 1914, the fifth place; and this year Detroit occupies the proud position of fourth manufacturing city of the United States. Where, I wonder, will this city stand among American manufacturing centers a decade from now?

The visitor to Detroit has his imagination stirred by the dramatic accounts of what this city has done, and the greater things that are to come. Detroit is American to the core; by reason of her amazing development Detroit, in the popular mind, is the most typically American of all our cities, and is the more so for having found time to preserve her ideals and her love of the beautiful through all her really wonderful commercial upbuilding and material advance.

Important and significant as is the tremendous manufacture of automobiles and automobile accessories in Detroit, let it not be thought that this is the one large industry of the Michigan metropolis. Detroit also leads the world in the manufacture of adding machines and pharmaceutical supplies; is the first city of the country in the aluminum industry, and is second only to Waterbury, Connecticut, in the production of brass; Detroit is the largest stove-manufacturing center in the country, is the second largest fur center in the United States, leads in the preparation of seeds for the market, has the largest ship-building industry on the Great Lakes, and ranks fourth in the printing industry. The largest pin factory and the largest sheet music house in the country are located there. Detroit last year made over three hundred million cigars, and seven million corsets were manufactured by one house alone.

Detroit holds a dominant position in the manufacture of soda ash, alkali products, overalls, varnishes, malleable iron, steel products, hot air and electrical furnaces, gas engines, dress goods, disinfectants, wire cloth, metal beds, and lubricators.



THE HOME OF THE DETROIT BOARD OF COMMERCE

But the romance of Detroit is most generally associated with the development of the automobile industry within her portals. The pioneers in this industry worked under great difficulties, often amid want, and were generally regarded as visionaries. But the ideas that originated in small, cramped rooms are being carried out in large steel and concrete structures that produce hundreds of thousands of automobiles a year.

In the late eighties, a young mechanic, who had been experimenting with steam cars in the East, took up his work in Detroit. Meantime an inventor of that city was developing a gasoline car. In 1892 a manufacturer, now well known,

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built his first model, a two-cylinder motor. These pioneers continued their experiments until 1898 before any attempt was made to manufacture a motor car. A corporation in that year was organized to pursue creative experimental work, but still no cars were marketed. About this time another company was established and began to manufacture automobiles.

In 1898 a young student at the University of Michigan was working on his first engine. With another youthful mechanic he joined the one company in Detroit then actually making motor cars. Soon after this began the manufacture of engines, transmissions, and various accessories. In 1902 another successful car was created by a young engineer. The following year witnessed the establishment of a number of new companies and the removal of one motor-manufacturing concern from an Ohio town to Detroit. A wealthy business man who had been using a gasoline phaeton made by this company built a handsome factory for its Detroit home, and then began the manufacture of the first four-cylinder car. This man is now president of the company.

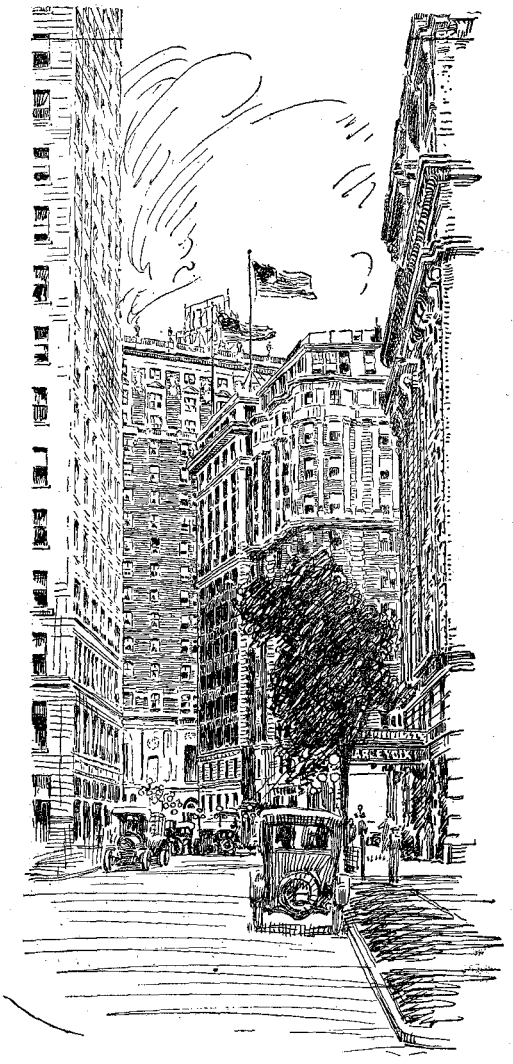
By 1904 the fame of Detroit as an automobile manufacturing center had become widespread. In 1905 another large company was established there, and two of the early experimenters organized a concern of their own, placing a new style of car on the market. Another large factory was opened in 1907, and this year also a company that had achieved success in New York State in manufacturing automobiles moved its factory to Detroit. Several large mergers and changes took place in this year. By 1910 Detroit was manufacturing annually cars valued at $134,000,000. Two new large factories began operations in that year. In Detroit the "early history" of the automobile industry closes with the year 1910.

To-day there are thirty-four automobile factories in Detroit, and from every account all of them are enjoying prosperity. The electric automobile industry has also achieved a remarkable advance. It is estimated that the automobile production of Detroit factories for 1915 will reach 500,000 cars, with an approximate value of $400,000,000.

From a number of well-known manufacturers I heard that much of the credit for the spectacular development of the Detroit automobile industry should be given to the bankers who, in the early stages of automobile history, maintained faith in the future of the automobile and financed the industry.

"It is a fact that some of the automobile manufacturers started with a shoe-string," said Emory W. Clark, President of the First and Old Detroit National Bank, reminiscing over his association with the early motor car makers. "Bankers of Detroit financed the automobile companies when the bankers of other cities would not. The Detroit financiers were far-sighted enough to see that a great future was ahead for the automobile, but those of Chicago and New York regarded it as only a luxury, and withheld their support until the industry had become firmly established."

The enthusiasm of the Detroit bankers



A DETROIT "GRAND CANYON"

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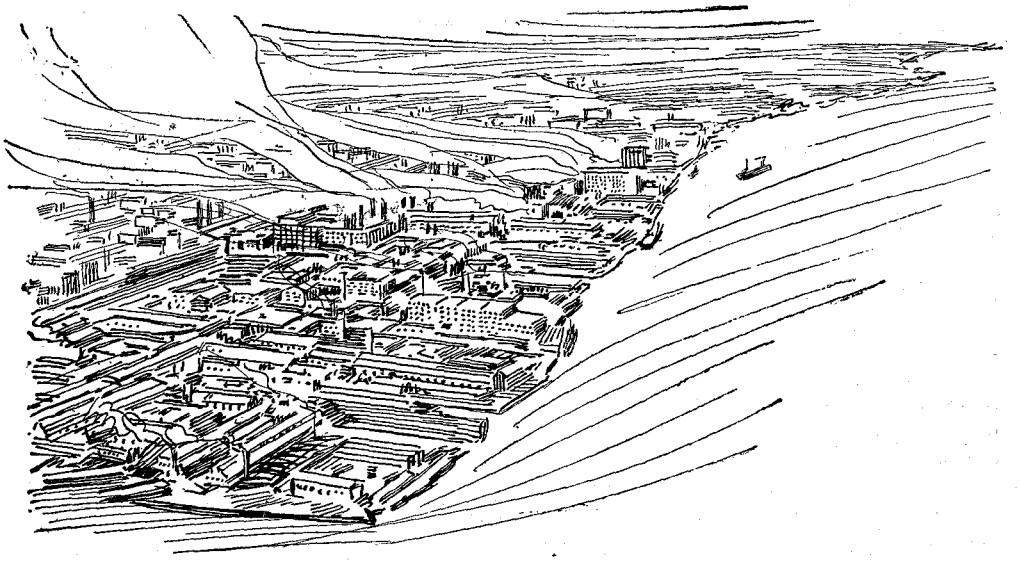

A VIEW OF THE INDUSTRIAL SECTION OF THE DETROIT RIVER FRONT

especially over the automobile industry is particularly impressive.

"Have you thought of what the automobile has done for the public?" asked Richard P. Joy, President of the National Bank of Commerce of Detroit. "Transportation has been rehabilitated, new land has been opened up, real estate values have been heightened, and many lines of industry have been very materially aided. Detroit to-day occupies a very significant position among the cities of the world. Here the automobile industry got under way, and to Detroit have been attracted thousands of the leading mechanics and designers of the world." Mr. Joy emphasized the fact that the motor car industry was started on a sound basis.

It was my good fortune to learn much of the important work that has been done by the Board of Commerce in the development of a greater Detroit. This organization is the consolidation of a number of commercial bodies that had built up considerable strength in their own fields. The principal ones of these were the Chamber of Commerce, the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association, the Detroit Convention Bureau, and the Detroit Adcraft Club. The Commerce Board occupies a handsome home in the heart of the business district, which is a club and civic center as well as a commercial meeting-place. Besides its very extensive activities for industrial upbuilding, the Board of Commerce has entered largely into the field of social economics and has made an admirable record in its work for employees' welfare. A conspicuous example of the work of this organization is seen in its movement to educate the vast number of immigrant employees in Detroit factories, of whom there are more than sixty thousand. "Safety first" lessons have been amply given, but the teaching of the English language and of patriotism fostered by the Board has assumed a distinguished place in the educational work of the time. The appropriation for evening schools was increased this year from $35,000 to $65,975, and through the activity of the Board of Commerce the attendance in the elementary classes was increased from 2,169 in September, 1914, to 6,778 in September, 1915. Several manufacturers pay an additional two cents an hour to foreign employees who study English at night schools. The Board of Commerce now is planning to make a permanent display of Made-in Detroit goods placed on view two years ago. The branches of this organization that are most active are the Bureaus of Industry and Education, the Transportation Bureau, the Bureau of Taxation, the Executives' Club, the Wholesale Merchants' Bureau, the Adcraft and Salesmanship Clubs, and the Good Roads Committee.

MADE IN DETROIT USA

AN EMBLEM KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

Charles B. Warren, President of the Board of Commerce, takes the interesting position that a commercial organization should devote itself to promoting the welfare of industrial employees as much as to advancing the commercial welfare of a community.

"I have never considered the Board of

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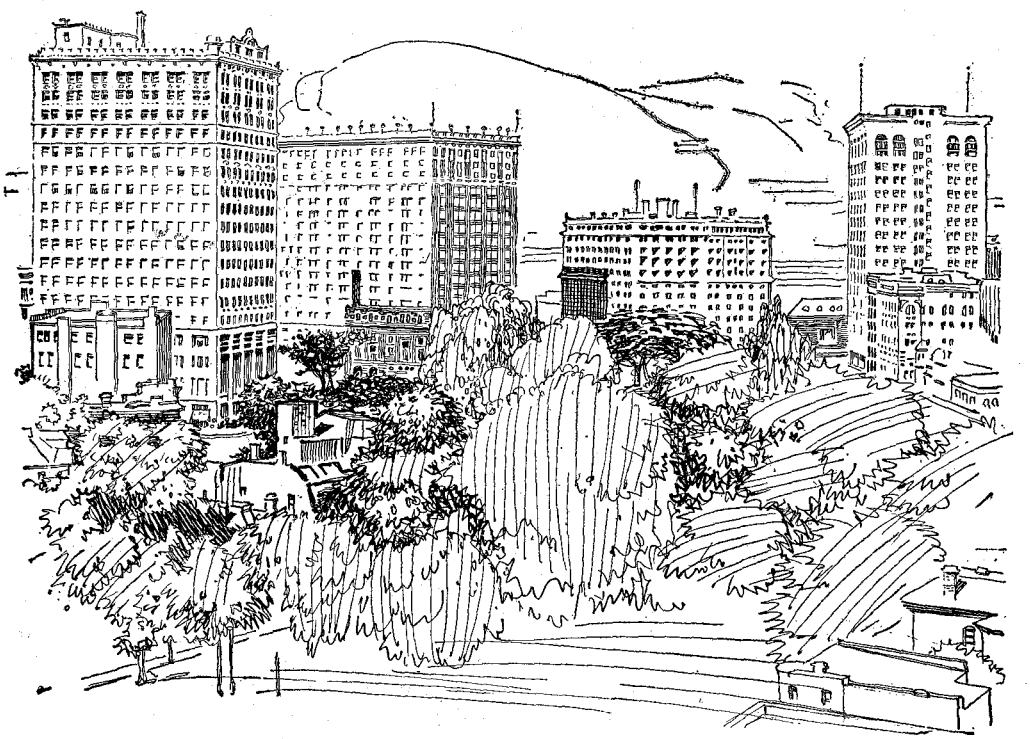
Commerce merely as a commercial body," he said. "We have a very definite work along purely social lines. One of our slogans is, 'Every industrial employee a home-owner,' and we hope to realize that before long. The housing conditions in Detroit are excellent. We have 150,000 manufacturing employees here, but there is not a tenement-house in Detroit.

"One reason for Detroit's great industrial success lies in the fact that Detroit owns her own industries. We have very little absentee ownership. This naturally makes for solidarity in business, greater commercial co-operation, and a much increased local pride in industry. The several bureaus in the Board of Commerce, working on tax and many industrial problems, are achieving things that will be helpful, not only to Detroit, but to business men everywhere."

A ride around the outskirts of Detroit gives the visitor at least a superficial conception of the growth of the city. There are great stretches of residential sections and streets and boulevards that in many cases were open country a year ago. Chicago and Boston Boulevards, two of the fashionable thoroughfares of to-day, flanked by imposing residences, are little more than a year old. Along Lake Saint Clair, property that a few years ago sold for sixty-six dollars a foot now brings one thousand dollars. For miles along the outer and inner railway belt lines are factories that stretch in a semicircle on three sides of the city—great steel and concrete structures that send their products to all the corners of the earth.

Talking with one of the editors of the Detroit "Free Press" one evening, as we looked down on the brilliantly lighted Cadillac Square, I learned that Wayne County, of which Detroit is the seat, last year paid a fraction over twenty-five per cent of the taxes of the State of Michigan, and heard of the expectation of an enormous increase in tax values next year. The newspaper man spoke of Detroit's growth as though it were one of the tales right out of Grimm's, and indeed there was justification for his enthusiasm. Detroit has much outgrown her public utilities, and the municipal executives now are trying to keep up with the city's expansion.

The spectacular development of Detroit began in 1910, the year that the Michigan Central tunnel under the Detroit River was opened. During the five years since then $22,000,000 has been spent for enlarging railway terminals and other facilities. One



LOOKING OVER GRAND CIRCUS PARK

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railway alone has spent $6,500,000, only to find its facilities now inadequate. The outer belt road, built in 1910 through a remote section, now has fifty-nine important industries along its line. On three sides of the city are great freight lines and terminals, and on the fourth side are the river docks for transportation on the Great Lakes. From the main freight center the new Michigan Central Railroad station rises like a great white pillar.

The industrial strides made by Detroit may be understood from the following statement of facts:

Detroit's population in 1900 was 285,704; the city's estimated population for 1915 is 760,000.

An average of fifty-six families move into Detroit each day. Last June there were 150,000 families in Detroit.

In 1900 Detroit occupied 28.14 square miles of ground; this has been increased to 50.26 square miles in 1915.

Fifty factories in Detroit run night and day to supply the demand for their products.

The exports from Detroit since 1900 have increased from $17,669,535 to $52,883,635, or about 200 per cent.

The bank clearings in Detroit in 1900 were $427,800,392; for the first ten months of 1915 they were $1,190,548,169.

The bank deposits in 1900 were $75,424,745; for the first ten months of 1915 they were $249,010,667.

The city of Detroit owns more than $60,000,000 worth of real estate.

In 1914 the per capita debt of the city of Detroit was $23.80; of Cleveland, $54.75; Philadelphia, $58.20; Boston, $112.50; and New York, $134.50.

Many manufacturers in Detroit stated that one important reason for the success of Detroit as a manufacturing city was in the ideal labor conditions existing there. These informants said that all of the automobile manufacturers and, with few exceptions, all of the large factory-owners in Detroit maintained an open shop. It is of especial interest that in so large an industry as the manufacture of automobiles the majority of the workers are not under union control. The Employers' Association of Detroit declares its principles, in part, as follows:

"No discrimination shall be made against any man because of his membership in any society or organization.

"Subject to any rights under contracts existing between them, it is the privilege of both the employer and employee to terminate their relations whenever either sees fit so to do.

"Since the employer is responsible for the work turned out by his workmen, he must therefore have full discretion to designate the men he considers competent to perform the work and to determine the methods under which that work shall be performed."

In the luxurious home of the Detroit Athletic Club, a great social organization representing at its best the spirit of the makers of Greater Detroit, I talked with many representative men engaged in various large enterprises. This handsome structure, which has recently been built, at a cost of a million and a half dollars, is one of the finest monuments to the success of the Michigan metropolis.

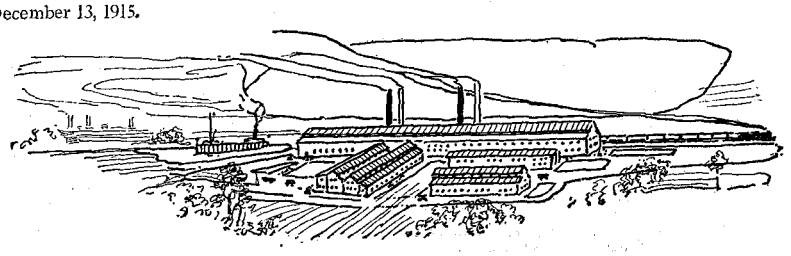
On my last afternoon in Detroit I was conversing in the foyer of the club with a newspaper reporter and several club members. The reporter told me that Detroit had been criticised for being "too commercial" and for a "lack of appreciation of the beautiful." What were my impressions? Really, had I no fault to find? Of course the reporter was merely looking for an outside view-point, but I could only do "what everybody does"—praise the Wonder City of the Magic Motor.

Detroit, I reminded my hearers, could not lack a love of the beautiful when a magnificent Center of Arts and Letters was just being developed, and Detroit's commercialism was so stable, so fine and wholesome, that it in no way excluded an appreciation of the finer things of life.

"That's what every visitor says," said the reporter, somewhat plaintively, "and it isn't a *news* story any more."

F. O.

Detroit, December 13, 1915.



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UNITED STATES STEEL CORPORATION, CITIZEN[1]

BY TYLER DENNETT

WHEREVER an individual employs as high as eighteen thousand men, conducts business in a score or more of villages and cities, pays one-tenth of an entire State tax, one-half of total county tax, and as much as seventy per cent of the taxes of a single village, the character of this individual as a citizen becomes interesting and important.

The United States Steel Corporation in Minnesota, through its four subsidiary companies, the Duluth, Missabe, and Northern and the Duluth and Iron Range Railroads, the Oliver Iron Mining and the Minnesota Steel Companies, answers the above description. It is as much a citizen of the State as any John Smith who employs half a dozen men, it pays taxes, and yet it lacks the right to vote. The Corporation is, at least, a very important part of the social organism within the State. This article seeks to set forth typical facts which appear to illustrate what might be called the social outlook of the Steel Corporation, a previous article having dealt with its labor policy. Unless the general policies of the Corporation are different in other States, which is unlikely, these facts are broadly illustrative of the spirit in which this gigantic organization meets the tests of public spirit and citizenship.

The entrance of the Steel Corporation into any community has the tendency to complicate rather than to simplify the community problems. Let us assume, for purposes of illustration, that it buys a mine under some logged-off land on the Mesabe Range. It runs in some spur tracks, erects some buildings, brings in a thousand employees, clears off the "over-burden" if the mine is to be of the "open-pit" variety, or sinks a shaft, and begins taking out iron ore. Assume that before the Corporation began operations there was at this point a little cross-roads rural community, a relic of the old logging days. Now this village is doubled, even quadrupled, in population. The superintendents, engineers, and foremen are highly trained, efficient men, possibly more capable than any among the original inhabitants of the village. The employees, on the other hand, are gathered up from twenty or thirty nationalities of Europe and bring with them standards of living which may tend to lower the general average for the entire community.

The village passes in a day through all the stages of development from a rural community to an industrial center; perhaps it reaches the dignity of a city. An untried, inexperienced, overgrown village then takes up the new problems of self-government. If we think of the Steel Corporation as a citizen of that community, what kind of citizen is it?

Think of these operations being duplicated all over the Range and spreading to other ranges in the same State. The corporation invests millions of dollars and buys or leases property worth hundreds of millions more. What kind of citizen is the Steel Corporation of the State of Minnesota?

Out of a multitude of facts gathered through personal observation and in interviews with leading citizens of the most diverse political and social views, I present a few which illustrate three relations of the Corporation, as a citizen, to the State—industrial legislation, taxes, and policy toward immigrant employees. I select these points because it seems to me that, if there is a divergence between what the Corporation thinks is good for itself and what is good for the community, it will be likely to appear in its handling of these subjects.

Some years ago Minnesota launched a programme of industrial and social legislation of the kind which is sometimes opposed by heavy taxpayers and large employers of labor—safety laws, workingmen's compensation, and mothers' pensions, for example. I have the following story from a representative of the labor unions of the State.

The first compensation bill was submitted to a conference of interested parties, representatives of both labor and capital, before it was presented to the Legislature. The gentleman who told me the story was present at the conference. The bill as first drafted did not meet with the approval of labor, for it did not aim to put the cost of all accidents on the industry. It did not appear to the labor side to be a true compensation bill.

[1] See Mr. Dennett's article, "United States Steel Corporation, Employer," in The Outlook for November 24.—THE EDITORS.

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It was, however, generally acceptable to the employers. The labor representatives went to the conference with a list of changes which they wished to have made, expecting that they would meet the united opposition of the other side. "To our surprise," said the man who told me the story, "the representatives of the Steel Corporation were ready to give us all we asked, and more."

The district judge before whom many of the compensation cases are settled told me that the Corporation had shown a willingness to accept an interpretation of the law which is very generous toward the injured man, and he also told me that he had used this willingness on the part of the Steel Corporation as a lever to induce other employers to be equally generous.

Some of the safety laws of the State were copied from regulations of the Corporation already in operation. Indeed, in all that relates to safety the Corporation has led rather than followed the law. In relation to all of this kind of legislation the Corporation has maintained a policy so much more liberal and open-minded than that of some other corporations within the State that it has been accused of breaking caste with its fellow-employers.

The question as to whether the Steel Corporation is a good citizen in the matter of paying taxes does not admit of a simple answer. In company with the other mine owners and lessees the Steel Corporation is now engaged in a highly sensational tax fight with Hibbing, one of the villages in which it has very large ore properties. The situation is so complex and so relatively new that there are no ready-made standards at hand for measuring all its dimensions.

The bare facts of the tax situation in the mining regions are these: A village grows, or grows up, about a mine or a group of mines. Let us think of a village of two thousand people with taxable property valued by the State Tax Commission at fifty million dollars, of which all but two or three per cent is owned by mining companies. In addition to the school, county, and State taxes, the law permits the village to levy a tax up to two per cent on the assessed valuation of the village for local expenses. The village fathers of this town which we have imagined—and there are several in which these conditions exist—meet to decide how much money they shall collect for the coming year. They discover that the law allows them to gather a million dollars for village expenses. The voters of the town are relatively insignificant taxpayers, so that the usual check on excessive expenditures is lacking. The ordinary common variety of village official ought not to be exposed to such temptations for municipal joy-riding. The temptation is more than common flesh can stand.

Few of the mining villages have yet attempted to go the full two per cent limit allowed by the law in the levying of taxes, but Hibbing, which has a population variously estimated at from ten to fifteen thousand, spent $2,577,000 in the twenty-five months preceding May first of this year, and threatens to levy the limit for 1916, hoping thereby to collect nearly two million dollars, of which the voters of the town pay about two per cent and the mining companies the remainder. The Steel Corporation alone would pay nearly three-quarters of the entire tax.

A resident of Hibbing remarked to me, "A rich village, like a rich man, fails in its duty if it lives like a pauper." Whether willing or not, the mining companies' tax payments supply Hibbing with about everything that money can buy: two parks, a fair-ground, and a ball park; a municipal band, baseball team, visiting nurse, conservatories; fire apparatus galore, an automobile police wagon, and more street lights than the city of Cincinnati. One might continue the list almost indefinitely, to the merriment of all who do not happen to own stock in the Steel Corporation. Hibbing has gone out to spend money like a strong man to run a race. It is interesting to note that the average monthly pay-roll was 894 men in a year when the total number of voters at the preceding State election was only 1,318. There are several other villages on the Range in which the conditions are, or have been, quite similar.

One can no more wonder that the villages do these things which the law appears to allow than that the mining companies, led by the Steel Corporation, went to the last Legislature and asked for relief in the form of a law which would limit the possible tax levies in these and similar towns throughout the State to $25 per capita. The limit does not seem unreasonable, in view of the fact that the 1914 average for 140 towns of corresponding size away from the Mesabe Range was $5.35 per capita.

Nevertheless the bill failed to pass the Legislature. Recently the mining companies have refused to pay their taxes for 1915 in the hope of effecting a compromise with the

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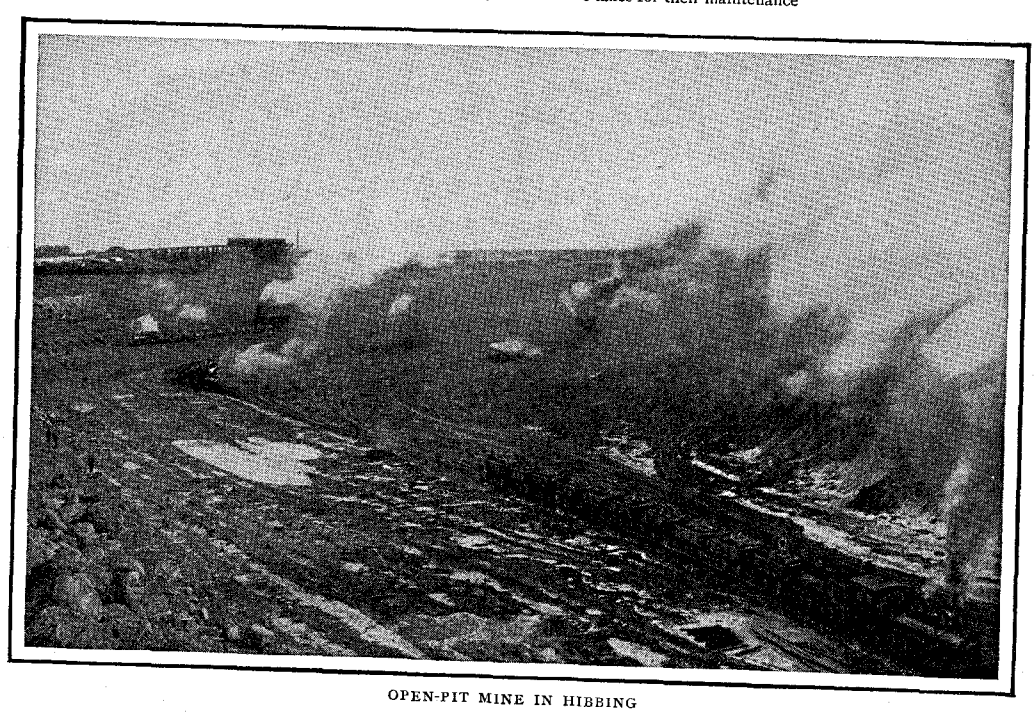
ONE OF HIBBING'S PARKS

This park is in the center of the town. In addition to the floral attractions there is music from time to time—note the band-stand in the background. The town also has a publicball-ground and a fair-ground. These improvements are organized by the municipality, while the Steel Corporation pays most of the taxes for their maintenance



OPEN-PIT MINE IN HIBBING

TWO ASPECTS OF A MINNESOTA STEEL-PRODUCING TOWN

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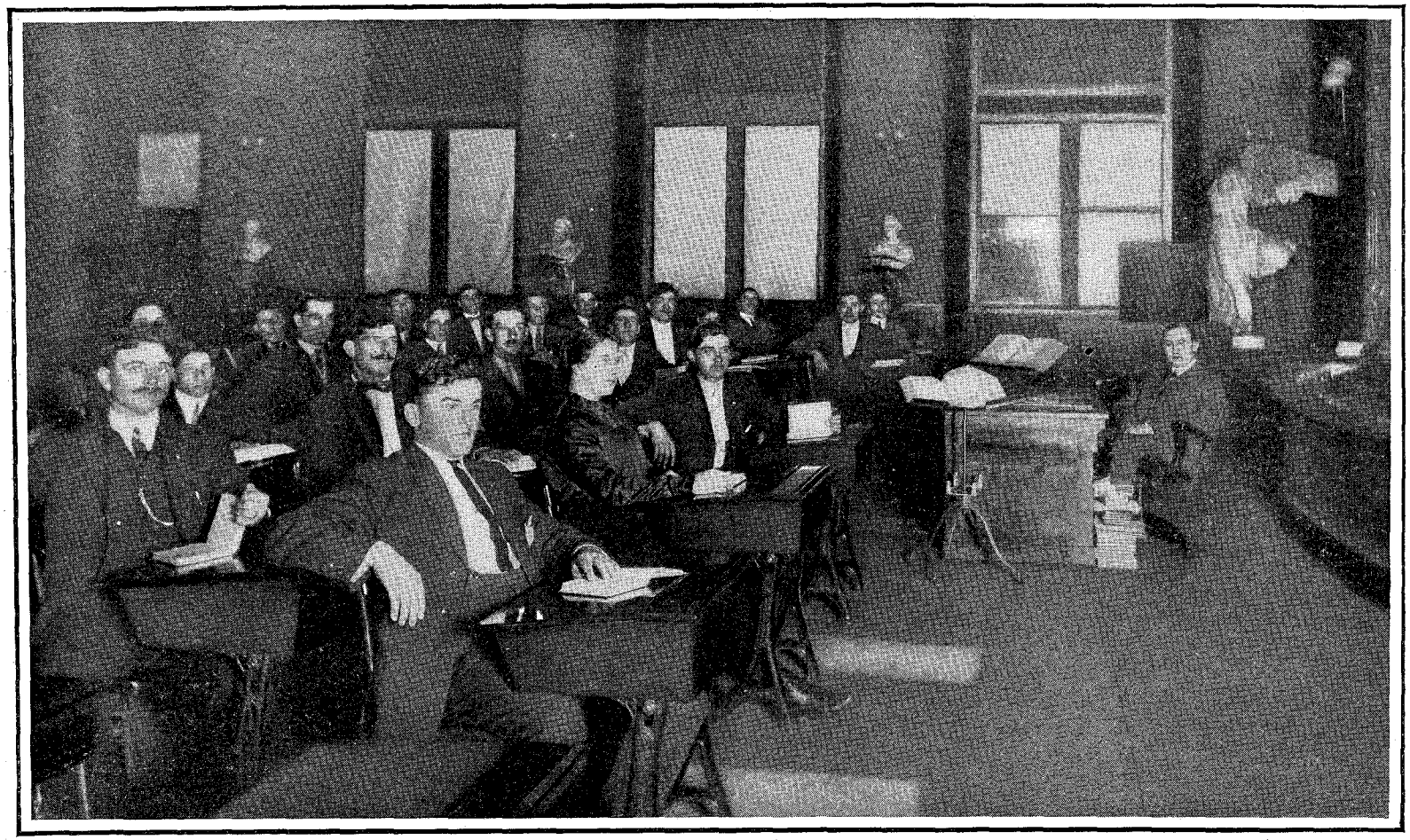

A NIGHT SCHOOL CLASS IN EVELETH, MINNESOTA

These intelligent-looking pupils are all foreigners. The class-room, with its busts and statue, is one of which any community might be proud. Besides night schools for day workers, there are in some of the Steel Corporation towns day schools (starting at 3 P.M.) for those who work at night. These schools are managed by the municipalities, while the Corporation pays most of the taxes

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village, and more recently they have asked the Court to issue an order restraining Hibbing from embarking on a new era of similar extravagance.

In these towns the whole machinery of taxation is thrown out of gear by the fact that the voters do not, to any considerable extent, pay the tax. The mining operations will eventually exhaust the natural resources of the towns. The companies may or may not be paying too much taxes, but in view of the fact that these natural resources are being exhausted it seems obvious that a large part of the taxes now being paid ought rather to be invested by the State with a view to creating or developing new resources to take the place of the mines instead of being left to the devices of village politicians. The State has not adopted a policy which looks in that direction.

A word ought to be added about the Steel Corporation and the school tax. If the public schools of the Mesabe Range are not the best schools in the United States, it is not for lack of money. One school superintendent told me that he had a $140,000 balance at the end of the last school year. I was in a school building which cost $108,000. It stands in a town of about a thousand people, in which the true valuation of all property other than the mines is $160,122. I saw many luxuries in the schools along the Range, which might be considered as unsound educational practice in view of the fact that none of the pupils who attend the schools now live, or are ever likely to live, with similar luxuries at home; but I refrain from enumerating them because the schools seem to be very much alive to their problems in such cosmopolitan communities and are earnestly at work trying to make American citizens as well as to spend their money. The officials of the Steel Corporation with whom I talked seemed as proud as any one of the school equipment. One of them, a man who has served on the School Board, said to me, "We do not grudge the towns a single cent that they have spent on educational facilities."

The mining industry calls to Minnesota a large, heterogeneous foreign-born population, some of it gathered from parts of Europe where the standards of living are least American.

"What proportion of your employees are citizens?" I asked one of the general superintendents of the Steel Corporation. He turned to his desk with a pencil and paper and replied in less than five minutes: "Less than one-third are citizens, more than a third have taken out their first papers, and the remainder do not care to become voters."

"You seem to have pretty exact information," I observed.

"Yes," he replied. "We take an interest in this matter. In fact, we encourage our employees to become citizens."

"But are you not putting your head into the lion's mouth?" I asked. "When laboring men are not allowed effective industrial organization, they usually effect a political organization at the polls, do they not? And then you may always have this tax problem to deal with. If all of your employees had the right to vote, they would be in a position to give you a great deal of trouble."

He did not seem to be greatly worried over the prospect. "We believe," he replied, "that we are better off to have our employees become citizens, and we know that they are better off that way." I found that it is the uniform policy of the Steel Corporation to encourage its employees to become citizens. The men are also urged to go to night school. It seems as though the Corporation is putting up a very heavy bond for good behavior when it helps its employees to get the ballot. It is also participating in a highly interesting experiment in democracy.

This policy is all the more notable in view of another fact which I verified again and again. I frequently asked the question of those who would be most likely to know and most ready to answer, "Do you know of anything to indicate that the Steel Corporation uses any methods with its employees which have a tendency to intimidate their free use of their ballots?" Although the question was a broad one and many men of radical political opinions answered it, I was unable to find any one who could lead me to a single fact that even points in that direction.

On the other hand, I have this interesting story from a gentleman in Duluth for whom politics is a recreation. He told me the story without knowing that I was searching for information along this line. Not long ago he was doing some private electioneering for a certain candidate for Governor of the State. Wherever he went he found that a salaried official of the Steel Corporation had been before him soliciting votes for an opposing candidate. At length the first man went to the office of the Steel Corporation and complained to one of the highest officers. "Don't

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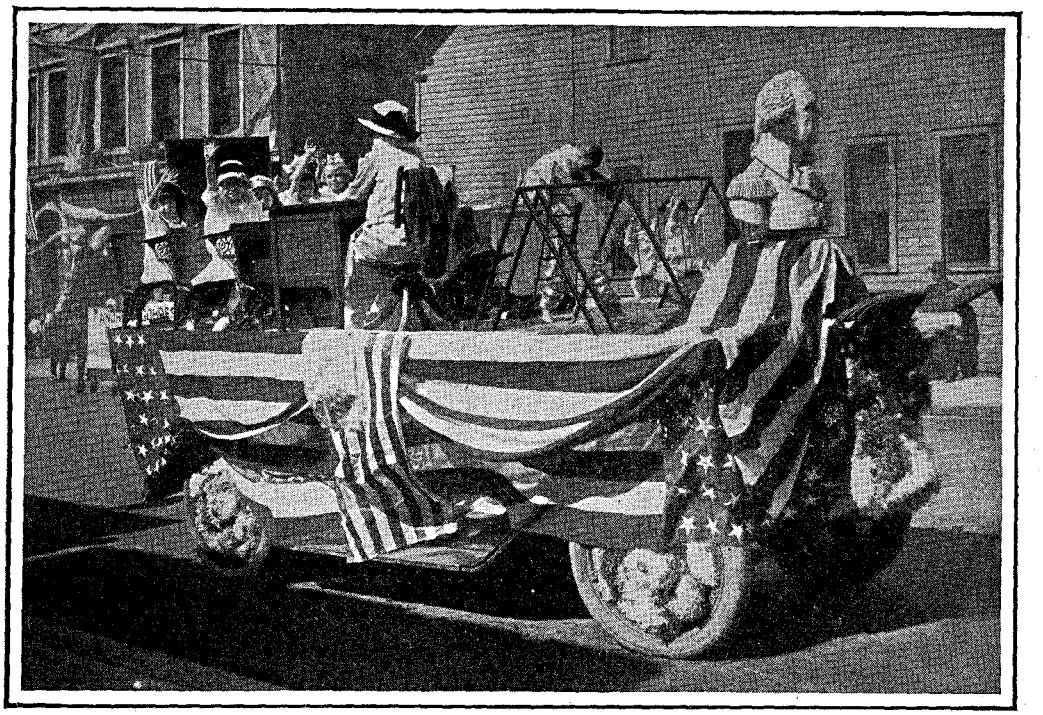
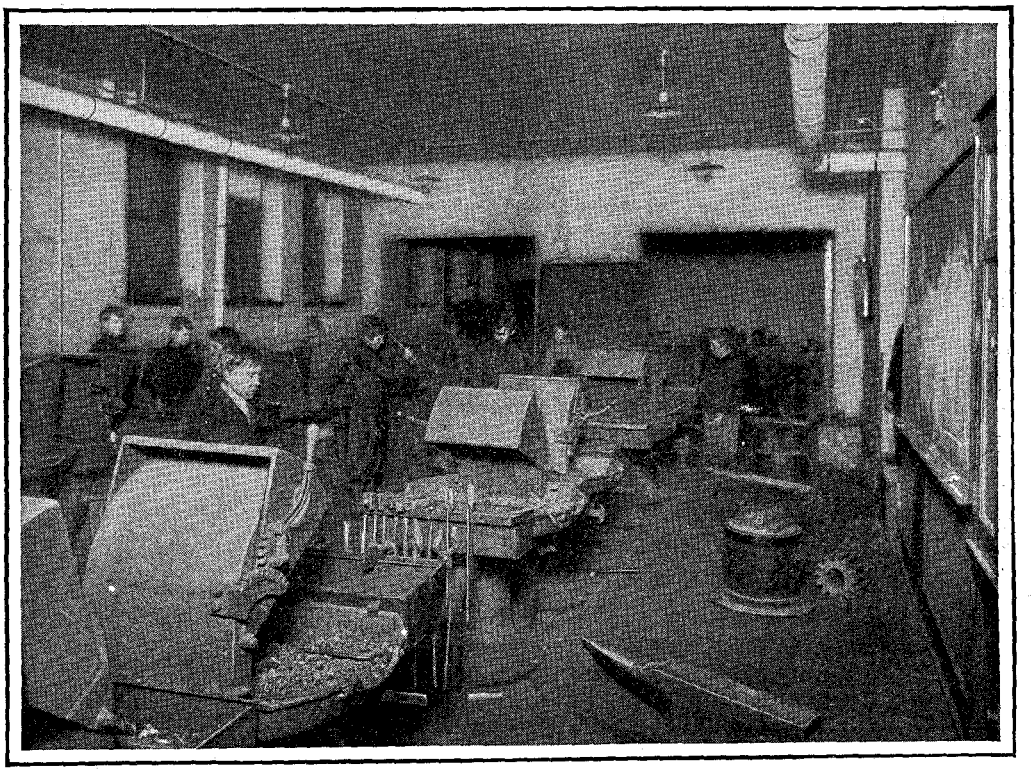


THE PUBLIC SCHOOL DISPLAYS ITS ACTIVITIES IN A STREET PARADE

The steel-producing towns like to show to the newcomers, immigrants and others, that they (and the Steel Corporation) maintain good schools



THE FORGE SHOP IN A MINNESOTA PUBLIC SCHOOL

The schools of the steel-producing towns believe in vocational training for their pupils, who when they grow up will largely be employed in the mines and mills

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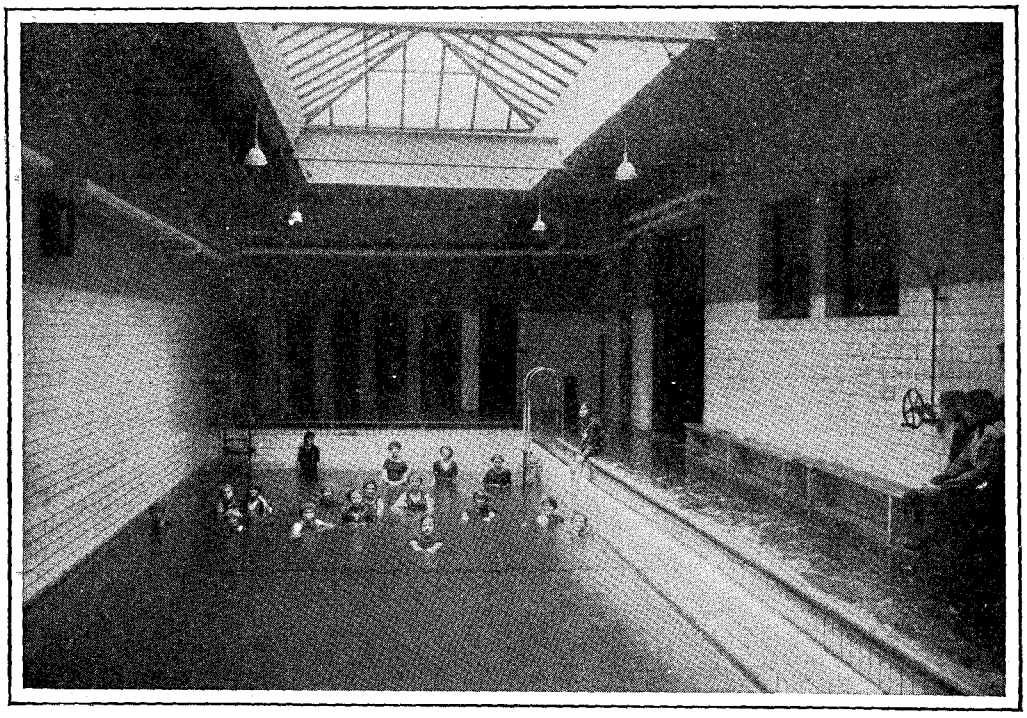
you know," he said, "that Mr. A—— is electioneering for a man who has expressed himself as being unfavorable to the kind of legislation which the Steel Corporation needs? Why don't you call him off?"

"It is against the policy of the Corporation either to mix up in politics or to interfere with the political views of our employees," he replied. Other men who have held or are holding political offices freely confirmed this statement.

"What kind of citizen is the Steel Corporation?" I asked Mr. W. I. Prince, the present Mayor of Duluth.

"Perhaps the best way I can answer that," he replied, "is by saying that whenever I have any large matter of public welfare upon which I want broad-minded, sympathetic advice, about the first men I go to are the presidents of these various subsidiary companies of the Steel Corporation. They are citizens here and residents in the city. I can count on them to support any good proposition."

I do not mean to give the impression that every one with whom I talked feels equally friendly towards the United States Steel Corporation. I found men who were continually harking back to the methods by which the Steel Corporation was formed. Some of them believe that the sins of that day belong in a class with those of the man who milks his neighbor's cow without his neighbor's permission. I went directly from the Mayor's office to interview some prominent citizens of Socialist sympathies. One man said, in effect, "I can't put my finger on any bribery or corruption, and yet the sinister, reactionary, and undemocratic influence of the Steel Corporation overshadows the entire State." In view of the absence of facts to prove the truth of this impression, and in view of the large body of facts and the prevailing public opinion pointing in the opposite direction, this last gentleman's opinion seemed more interesting as a state of mind than as an indication of actual social conditions.



SWIMMING POOL, HIBBING HIGH SCHOOL

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JAPAN AND AMERICA

HOW THE WAR AFFECTS THEIR MUTUAL RELATIONS

BY BARON EIICHI SHIBUSAWA

Baron Eiichi Shibusawa was born near Tokyo in 1840, and is therefore in his seventy-sixth year. He represents in his character, person, experience, and achievements the remarkable transition of Japan from the civilization of the Samurai, or hereditary military nobility, to the civilization of the modern world, in which Japan is playing so notable a part. In his youth he took service under a great Japanese prince in the declining days of the Shogunate. To-day he enjoys the distinction of being recognized as the chief adviser to the whole nation in commercial, financial, and philanthropic work. He is an industrialist and financier of the first rank—a rank which Dr. John H. Finley, Commissioner of Education of the State of New York, humorously defined at a recent dinner given in the Baron's honor by saying that he had heard the late J. Pierpont Morgan described as the Baron Shibusawa of the United States! He has traveled in Europe and in America more than once, and is just returning to Japan after a visit to this country. He is not only a financier, but a highly cultivated poet and philosopher. What he says about the financial, political, and social relations of the Japanese and American peoples may be accepted as coming from one of the first authorities in the Orient.—THE EDITORS.

GEOGRAPHICALLY and even politically speaking, the European war is essentially a European war. Financially speaking, however, it is a world war. At its outbreak it caught everybody by surprise. It is just barely possible that Germany knew that it was coming. Japan certainly did not. Financial Japan stood dazed and paralyzed under the shock. It remained so for quite a long while; then it came to itself with a sigh: "Perhaps it isn't quite as black as it looks." After that Japanese finance recovered slowly but steadily.

In Japan, as in the United States, the stock market played the Easter herald of financial resurrection. Take, for example, the shares of a premier steamship company like the Nippon Yusen Kaisha. They sold down to 103 yen and 35 sen (about $52) a share in August, 1914. In May, 1915, however, they rose to 134 yen and 70 sen (about $67), and in the following month to as high as 135 yen and 95 sen (about $68). The shares of a representative spinning company like the Kanegafuchi Spinning Company rose from 87 yen and 10 sen a share (about $43), which was the low mark made in August, 1914, following the outbreak of the war, to 118 yen (about $59) in May, 1915, and by the middle of October to as high as 126 yen and 50 sen (about $63) a share. It should be added, of course, that both the shipping and textile business were helped by the war as soon as the enormous war orders began to be placed by the Allies.

The war affected the money market in Japan in much the same fashion as it did here in the United States. The days immediately following the outbreak found money abnormally stringent. Then two things happened: New or proposed industrial enterprises came to a sudden halt, and the established ones curtailed their activity greatly. The people, on the other hand, husbanded their funds. Economy and sobriety for once lorded over extravagance and luxury, and the simple life became almost as fashionable in actual life as between the covers of a fashionable magazine. A very natural result followed: our banks became loaded with an abnormal accumulation of idle funds. Up to January, 1915, the interest rate ruled like an ever-aspiring potentate—six per cent on time loans—and, if one were to give heed to confidential whispers, he would put it much higher than that. Then the flood of jobless money humbled the potentate more and more until the interest rate reached four per cent in the latter half of 1915. This is the reason why one sees nowadays such a curious contrast between the openly and aggressively cheer-

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ful countenance of shipping circles and the sober, not to say the pessimistic, bearing of bankers in Japan. At the time I left Japan, in October, 1915, our capital did not feel confident enough to enter freely into new enterprises—least of all into the war industries, which had proved to be such a timely and gracious shower to so many of the withering factories in the southern part of the Empire. And no potent relief seemed to be in sight from the unemployed funds.

It should be noted, however, that the industrial activity of the nation, which passed through its dark age in the closing days of 1914, turned the corner with the opening of the year 1915. The statistical reports of both the Bank of Japan and of the Mitsui Bank bear out this statement. According to the investigation of the Mitsui Bank, the amount of capital that went into new industrial enterprises in the year 1913 averaged about $27.800,000 a month. In the first half of 1914—from January to July—the average monthly investment of new capital was about $20,700,000. The opening of the war had a decided and immediate effect. From August to December, 1914, the average monthly figure dwindled to $6.250,000. With February, 1915, however, came a decided improvement. In that month the figure stood at about $24,600,000.

The story of our foreign trade through the war period throws upon the financial condition of Japan perhaps the most interesting light. War, of course, reduced both our exports and imports in the latter half of 1914. In the closing half of the year we exported $139,500,000 worth of goods, against $173,900.000 worth for the corresponding period in 1913. The imports show a still more decisive contrast. Those of the latter half of 1914 stand at $106,500.000, while those of 1913 for the corresponding period are $162,220,000. In other words, our exports show a decrease of nearly $34,500,000 and the imports of nearly $55,750,000.

The trade returns for the first half of 1915 show an interesting change—especially in our exports. They amount in value to $150,450.000. The figure for the corresponding period in 1914 was $156,000.000. Therefore they are only about $5,500,000 less than in 1914—quite an improvement on the $34.500.000 decline noted in the latter half of 1914. On the other hand, the imports in the first half of 1915 amounted to only $144,370,000. Compare this with $191,350,000, which was the figure for the corresponding period in 1914. There is the difference of nearly $47,000,000. All of which means that in the first half of 1915 there was an excess of exports over imports amounting to $6,000,000. The eloquence of these figures is not appreciated by our American friends, but if they would be good enough to take the trouble of looking carefully over the foreign trade returns of Japan for the years following the Russo-Japanese War, they would see at once that the above-stated favorable balance of trade means much to Japan. For since 1906 there have been only two years in which we sold to our foreign customers more than we bought from them; in 1906 there was nearly $2,500,000 of excess exports, and again in 1909 nearly $9,500.000. In other years the excess of our imports over exports amounted anywhere from a little more than $2.250,000 in 1914 to nearly $48.500,000 in 1913.

The people of Japan are exceedingly sensitive on this point. And for the following reasons: Ours is a debtor nation. Unlike England, we do not collect millions in interest from our foreign investments to balance the unfavorable trade figures. Russia is a debtor nation like ours, but Japan differs from Russia radically in that she has none of Russia's vast agricultural products for export to balance the tremendous yearly payment she has to make on account of her foreign loans. The yearly outflow of our gold is a constant reminder of this fact.

Therefore this favorable trade balance in the first half of 1915 came to us with a pleasing countenance, all the more striking because it was somewhat unexpected at first. Every one understands, of course, that this turn of affairs is not a permanent thing; that it is the result of the abnormal conditions created by the war. Still it has taught us that war is not altogether unkindly to the financial and economic interests of our country. Compared to what the United States is reaping from the enormous war orders placed here, our gain is pitifully small. Incidentally this is another one of those many things which show with a stern emphasis what an enormous disparity there is in the productive capacity of the two peoples—the American and the Japanese. And here is America, which counts its trade balance by the billion, and yet which, judging from the expressions

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in some of its newspapers, seems to be afraid that Japan might monopolize the trade of Manchuria! Why, the entire import trade of Manchuria amounts to something like $30,000,000 a year, which is less than the steel and iron export of the United States in the one month of June, 1915!

Much has been written on the commercial competition of the Japanese against the Far Eastern trade of the United States. There actually seem to be a number of American people who believe or fear that the Japanese will drive the United States out of the Asian market.

I know of nothing more eloquent in a matter of this sort than the blunt and colorless array of simple facts.

In 1913 we sold to China cotton yarn, cotton fabrics, and other cotton manufactures to the value of over $42,000,000, and our total export trade with China amounted that year to less than $92,000,000. In other words, the cotton manufactures are by far the most important item in our trade with China.

But we do not produce raw cotton at home. We are dependent on the United States, India, and China for our raw material. In 1913, for example, we imported from the United States raw cotton valued at over $32,000,000. We have tried—are trying to-day—to grow cotton in Chosen (Korea), and some of our people are enthusiastic over the Formosan product, which they claim is equal to the American upland cotton. But it is a far cry to the golden day when Chosen and Formosa can feed our cotton-mills with all the raw material they need. At present their supply is utterly inadequate. The meaning of this should be clear to America. It means that the more Japan sells her cotton goods to China, the more dependent she becomes on America and India.

In covering the needs of China for cotton yarns and cotton fabrics Japan has many advantages over the manufacturers of the United States. Geographical position, the shortness and cheapness of freightage, and the understanding of men and things Chinese on the part of the Japanese manufacturers and salesmen—all these things, of course. But, apart from them, Japanese manufacturers are not too busy to study carefully the taste, whims, and particular local needs of Chinese customers, while Americans are too busy, or at least seem to be. Unlike the American, the Japanese manufacturer has not so many lucrative fields to exploit. He is not suffering from the embarrassment of rich markets in selling his cotton goods. The American does not consider the extremely limited purchasing power of the Chinese customer. The Japanese takes that fact very seriously to heart. Therefore he imports the cheap short-staple India cotton and mixes it with the expensive long-staple American cotton and produces the grade of cotton yarn and fabrics which comes within the range of the Chinese purse.

How many American manufacturers who have complained of the sharp trade methods—as they call them—of the Japanese trader have taken the trouble of looking into this matter and tried to manufacture goods which would be more suitable for the Chinese demand, do you think? There may be a number of these wise American companies, but we have not heard of them. Perhaps they are too wise to complain, and that is the reason why we know so little of their existence. It is not Japanese discrimination in Manchuria, for example, but American indifference or American unwillingness to meet the Chinese requirements and the limitation of Chinese purses, which has caused the decline in the cotton-goods trade of America in China. And as long as there is a demand for cheaper grades of cotton yarns and fabrics in China the Japanese products manufactured from the mixture of the higher-grade cotton with the India cotton is bound to win. This is as inevitable as the very law of demand and supply. Japanese discrimination has nothing to do with it. There is, in fact, no such thing as Japanese discrimination. It is human nature for the representatives of American firms or their agents in China to hunt for some cause when their sales of cotton goods diminish. And nothing is easier to find than a ghost, label it "Japanese discrimination," and lay the blame upon it.

There is one item in our exports which ranks even above the cotton manufactures—silk. Silk is the king among the Japanese exports. And who do you suppose is the chief customer of our king silk? In 1913 the United States bought from us $62,500,000 worth of raw silk; she was, as she had been for years, our best customer. The next was France, with her purchase amounting to $16,000,000 in value—a little over one-fourth of the American purchase. As a matter of fact, the United States has been Japan's best customer in all other export goods for a quarter of a century and more,

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year in and year out—except in 1905, when China bought from us about $2.250,000 worth of goods more than America. Silk is an expensive article of luxury; it appeals only to a market whose purse is lined with gold, like that of the United States. It is not a necessity of life. Cotton is. We are therefore dependent on America and India for an article we are obliged to have—more especially in our continental Asian trade, which is the future basis of industrial Japan. America can get along very comfortably without our silk. We cannot get along at all without the American and India cotton. Here, then, is the situation in a rather pitiless but exceedingly true light. What does it profit the Japanese—in the light of elemental logic and of the logic in elementals—to work up anything so insane and inane as commercial friction with the United States? The whole thing should be preposterous in Japanese eyes. And it most certainly is. We are foolish in many things, but we have just enough sense to see this.

Then there are iron and steel. They are the basic industry in this country. And there is where Japan is particularly weak at present. We have a few iron mines in Chosen (Korea), but our iron works are largely dependent on the Taye Iron Mines for their iron ore. When Japan rebuilt the South Manchurian Railway, she did not manufacture her own rails; she did not build locomotives and cars. It was too expensive to do so. Where did we go for them? To the very country so many of whose writers and newspapers are telling the world that Japan is driving the American trade out of Manchuria. We went to the United States and bought them. Japan paid $3,000,000 for girders and rails, and for locomotives and cars $7,000,000. When one figures it out, he will find that the amount is nearly twice as much as the total importing trade of Manchuria for one year. These figures show one thing clearly: All that is needed in bringing about a friendly relation between America and Japan is a little more light on the subject.

This handicap in the iron and steel industry in Japan gives you the reason why Japan to-day is not reaping handsomely on the war orders which Russia is perfectly willing and even eager to place with us. And in this vital and very extensive branch of industry Japan will not be in the running with America for many a long year, if ever. It does not take a prophet to see the future for steel and steel manufactures in the awakening markets of the Far East. And in this America can mark the whole Far East as her own, if only she can down German and other European competition.

As for the fashionable talk of the American-Japanese war, it is simply unthinkable. Before it can possibly come either America or Japan—or, indeed, both of them—must turn into a nation of utter idiots. More than that—of raving lunatics. It is nonsense—stupid, despicable nonsense. It is more: it is criminal, traitorous stupidity.

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ENERGIZING THE DOLLAR BY BORROWING

THE DEVELOPMENT OF CREDIT AND CREDIT INSTITUTIONS —THE RELEASE OF FIXED CAPITAL BY WAR LOANS

BY THEODORE H. PRICE

I HAD intended that this article should be one of the series dealing with "Big Business Junior" in the United States; but I am finding out that our big business youngsters, especially the mail order business about which I had planned to write in this number of The Outlook, have grown so very big that much study is required to understand and describe them and their relation to the public.

Within the past thirty days I have inspected several of the great mail order establishments of the country and have talked with the men who conduct them, but, in order to make my study inclusive, others must be seen and the facts gathered must then be assimilated. As these facts suggest a revolution in distributive commerce in America, I prefer to give another month's study to them.

Meantime the attention of The Outlook's readers is invited to another and equally impressive development in contemporary economic life. It is the increased use of credit and credit institutions, which, when wisely directed, results in giving increased velocity to money and energizing the dollar by borrowing it.

"Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loseth both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry,"

are the words that Shakespeare put into the mouth of Polonius as his final injunction to his departing son, Laertes.

Before and ever since, until very recently, this advice has been regarded as pointing the way to thrift, prosperity, independence, and success.

Within the past few years, however, there has been a marked change in this respect. Loans are no longer regarded as symptomatic of thriftlessness, but are considered as an evidence of enterprise, and constructive economic thought is largely employed in finding ways to make borrowing easy.

This was the purpose underlying the Federal Reserve Act, which, it is constantly asserted, has made it possible to accommodate every deserving borrower.

The much-discussed extension of rural credit is inspired by the same purpose, and a group of successful and public-spirited men have recently joined hands to give Nation-wide application to the so-called "Morris Plan" for loaning as little as $50 without collateral to people of good character. Under this plan, during the year ending the 31st of May last, 70,677 such loans had been made. They aggregated $8,778,626 and averaged $124.70 each.

The promoters of the movement believe that it will do great good and report that only a negligible percentage of the money loaned is not repaid.

In so far as national and international loans are concerned, the war has opened an entirely new and amazing chapter in the history of borrowing, and in the operations that have become necessary we are commencing to glimpse a new force in economics. This I have previously called the "fourth dimension of credit," and, although we can hardly visualize it as yet, its existence may be deduced from the facts.

Briefly stated, these facts seem to indicate that borrowing by the solvent increases the supply of credit and reduces the rate of interest.

The mere statement of this proposition will no doubt lead some to shake their heads and provoke a cynical smile from others; but let us examine the facts, remembering always that human progress consists chiefly in the discovery and control of new powers—social, political, or economic.

Since the outbreak of the war the debts of the belligerent nations have been increased by about $25,000,000,000, and more than $400,000,000 of gold has been shipped from Europe to America.

Seemingly the result should have been a great contraction in the financial resources of Europe and a sensational advance in interest rates. Instead of this, what do we find?

Before the war consols were selling in London on a basis which yielded about 3⅓ per cent. Most of the British borrowing in Europe since has been at about 4½ per cent, which, making allowance for the increase in the income tax, represents an advance of only about ¾ per cent in the interest rate on

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the enormously increased debt. Meantime the open discount rate in the London market has averaged less than 2¾ per cent, despite the efforts of the Bank of England to advance it.

The amount of gold held by the Bank of England, the Bank of France, and the Imperial Banks of Russia and Germany has increased from $2,248,535,000 on June 30, 1914, to $2,494,185,000 on June 30, 1915. There is no reliable record of bank deposits in all the countries at war, but those of the Bank of France have increased from $266,026,736 on July 30, 1914, to $550,619,555 on October 14, 1915; the deposits in all the banks of the United Kingdom have risen from $4,055,035,000, June 30, 1914, to $5,220,650,000, June 30, 1915, and the German Reichsbank has increased its deposits from $235,991,000, July 30, 1914, to $419,400,000, October 14, 1915.

In the United States similar conditions prevail, notwithstanding our absorption of foreign loans, now estimated at $1,000,000,000, and the repurchase of American securities previously held abroad, having an estimated value of $2,000,000,000. Between September 12, 1914, and September 2, 1915, the deposits of our National banks increased from $8,187,000,000 to $9,229,000,000, or 11.4 per cent, and six months loans have recently been made in New York at 2¾ per cent, which is lower than any rate previously recorded.

Long-time railway and municipal bonds have advanced sharply in price, and it has become possible to finance our railways on a basis hitherto impracticable. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad has recently sold $60,000,000 of its 5 per cent bonds, and the Santa Fé $10,000,000 of its preferred stock, on terms that could not have been had before for ten years.

Plainly these facts indicate an increase in the supply of liquid capital or credit, which can be due only to a gain in the world's wealth or to the conversion of fixed into liquid capital. As it is difficult to believe that the total of human wealth has been increased by the war, we are driven to conclude that the enlarged supply of credit is in some way due to borrowing. This is a paradox for which we are impelled to seek an explanation.

A clear understanding of the function which loan and deposit banks perform is essential to an intelligent study of the subject. Such banks are a comparatively new invention, hardly older than the steam-engine and about contemporaneous with it in development.

They were originally designed to safeguard the custody and transmission of the liquid capital called money. Banks were then expected to keep themselves in a position to pay all liabilities instantly. They were, therefore, forbidden by law or custom from making loans upon real estate or any other security not supposed to be immediately convertible. For the same reason they carried large reserves which were held in unproductive idleness.

It soon became apparent, however, that the wealth of the world was increasing much more rapidly than its money, and that any theory which contemplated the payment of all liabilities in cash was untenable. The need for money also decreased as people grew accustomed to the use of banks and bank checks.

It results that probably ninety-five per cent of the world's business is now conducted by the transfer of the credit instruments that are called checks or bills of exchange, that bank reserves are maintained mainly as a psychological protection against panics, and that when a panic occurs public opinion sustains the banks in a refusal to pay their liabilities in cash.

Through the organization of clearing-houses and the amalgamation of banks in this country and Europe the solidarity of credit institutions and public confidence in them has been so increased that there has not been a word of suspicion in regard to any of the world's great banks, despite the strain of the war, and no bank failure of first-rate importance has, in fact, occurred since the Bank of Glasgow went down in 1875. Because of this increased confidence, it has been possible to reduce the reserves carried, and thus it happens that the Federal Reserve Bill provides for an average reserve of less than fifteen per cent and that the reserve of the Bank of England, which averaged fifty per cent prior to the war, has hardly been above twenty-five per cent since hostilities commenced.

Along with this evolution of the loan and deposit bank there is to be studied the development of the corporation or limited company, which is another comparatively new invention. Few, indeed, realize how new it is, for the first Limited Liability Act did not pass Parliament until 1855. Through the creation

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of the artificial persons now known as limited companies, their assets, consisting chiefly of fixed investments or the intangible capital that is called good will or earning power, came to be represented by bonds or shares of stock, and were thus made convertible. The issuance of negotiable warehouse receipts for merchandise, the creation of title guarantee companies which make real estate and mortgages thereon readily transferable, and the establishment of great exchanges or markets in which securities and merchandise can readily be sold and transferred by the delivery of negotiable bits of paper, was the next step in the tremendously important process of giving fluidity to capital that had hitherto been immobile.

We are already so accustomed to these things that most of us do not realize their comparative novelty or economic value. The efficiency of capital is directly dependent upon its velocity or the speed with which it can be used in trade and industry. This velocity has been increased beyond all computation by—

1. The conversion of property into negotiable securities or warehouse receipts through the device which is called a corporation.
2. The establishment of markets or exchanges in which the negotiable instruments representing this property can be readily sold and delivered.
3. Loan and deposit banks in which these negotiable instruments may be used as a basis of credit, so giving currency to the capital they represent and making it possible to use it over and over again.

Just as the steam-engine has been improved by the "triple expansion" device which makes it practicable to use the steam three times over before it is reheated, so the co-ordination of the bank, the corporation, and the exchange has increased the efficiency of capital by lengthening the period of its energizing fluidity.

A concrete illustration will perhaps make this clearer. A merchant whose bank balances are low owns stocks, bonds, or merchandise worth, say, $20,000. The stocks and bonds may represent the track of some railway on a Western prairie, and a negotiable bill of lading for coffee in transit from Brazil may be all that he has to show for his merchandise. He can, nevertheless, go to his bank and borrow at least $10,000 against either the securities or the bill of lading. When he does this, the bank puts $10,000 to his credit and has increased its loans and deposits by that amount. No cash has passed. The bank has only to be sure that it has the necessary reserve against the increase of $10,000 in its deposits.

Under our present law an average reserve of not over fifteen per cent must be kept against all deposits. Therefore the only cash required is $1,500, and part of this may be kept with other reserve agents, who may in turn lend it out. The merchant may check out the $10,000, but even then it goes to the credit of some other depositor in some other bank, and thus it happens that $10,000 of remotely invested capital has been liberated for the use of the community and that the bank by whose co-operation this was made possible has used only $1,500 of cash in doing it.

If every one kept bank accounts and all debts, including those of banks and nations, were paid by checks on institutions whose solvency was never doubted, there would be no use for cash and bank reserves would be unnecessary.

If at the same time all property came to be represented by negotiable instruments, such as bonds, stocks, warrants, warehouse receipts, bills of lading, and the like, the value of which was readily ascertainable, the aggregate of the world's accumulated wealth would be made available as a basis of loans, and the demand for capital could never exceed the supply, because all payments would be offset by the transfer of property that could be used to establish an equivalent of credit.

Under such conditions, which assume the absolute and equal solvency of all borrowers, the interest rate could never much exceed the cost of assembling credit, and "dear money" would be unknown.

Of course a situation so idealistic will never be realized—it is difficult even to visualize it; but the war seems to have brought it measurably nearer, and the borrowing of the belligerent nations, in conjunction with the lower bank reserves to which we have become accustomed in both Europe and America during the last seventeen months, completely explains the present abundance of capital with its corollary of low interest rates and advancing prices in the security markets.

The few who compose the capitalistic class own the comparatively small percentage of the world's wealth that had been put in negotiable form prior to the war.

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The property and earning power of the masses, which constitute by far the larger share of each nation's resources, had not been, and could not be, incorporated, and were therefore unavailable as a basis of credit.

Through the creation of the national debts made necessary by the war these resources are being capitalized in a form that makes it possible to borrow against them, the proceeds of the loans so made become bank deposits which can be loaned again, and an immense mass of capital that was hitherto immobile has been released and liquefied to irrigate the fields of industry and enterprise.

In this sequence of events there is also to be found an explanation of the prosperity which followed and continued for some time after nearly every great war of the last century, or ever since it was discovered that loan and deposit banks could give fluidity to borrowed credit, and so "energize the dollar."

That the value of this discovery is becoming better understood is shown by the rapid growth of banks and lending institutions and the efforts that are being made to facilitate borrowing by those to whom credit has hitherto been denied.

There are some who deplore all this and call it inflation, but they misapply the word. Inflation presupposes the creation of debts that exceed the borrower's assets. If the debts do not exceed the assets of the borrower, and his earning power is sufficient to pay interest and reasonable amortization charges, then there is no inflation.

This is true both of the nation and the individual. The danger of abundant credit is that it tends to encourage borrowing in excess of assets and productive power.

Thus far none of the greater nations at war have debts that exceed twenty per cent of their national wealth. The largest borrower, England, owes less than fifteen per cent of her estimated wealth, not including her empire overseas. Her interest charges on this debt, plus the expenses of her Government, are about ten per cent of the national income, and her ability to borrow is not by any means exhausted.

War is deplorable and it is hell, but in the field of economics, at least, it has compelled the revision of many time-honored theories and has revealed the existence of many forces hitherto unknown. One of these is the power of credit, which we are encouraged to hope may be found even more effective in the reconstructive work of peace than it has been in war.

Thirty years ago it was unthinkable that words spoken in Washington could be made audible in Paris. Thirty years from now the fluidity of credit may be so increased that it will be practicable to prevent war by instantly draining the belligerent areas of the capital without which war is impossible. Who knows?

THE GOLDEN HILL

AN EPISODE OF THE FIGHTING AT DVINSK

BY VOLDEMAR DAVYDOVITCH

*This article first appeared in the Russian newspaper the "Reitch." Our translation is from the French version in the "Journal de Genève."—*THE EDITORS.

THE blowing up of the Golden Hill and the success of our attack at a single stroke increased the morale of our men and filled them with enthusiasm and cheerfulness. This is not surprising when one stops to think of the tragic rôle which this famous hill has played in the history of our regiment.

When the ——th Company of the ——st Regiment were intrenched on this hill, the Germans, one fine night, crept up to our very outworks and, in spite of our desperate resistance, seized some of our trenches. Our men were compelled to fall back a short distance.

Our position finally became untenable. Fortified on the summit of the hill, from which he could clearly see our new intrenchments, the enemy could bombard us both on the front and the flank. The hand grenades were no longer hurled in the usual fashion. The Germans rolled them down the steep slope, and they came bounding over our parapets and exploded. Moreover, their best

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sharpshooters climbed high trees and from that point of vantage picked off at their ease our men in the trenches or those who went to the rear for cartridges and provisions. It was really a kind of big-game shooting. A German prisoner told us afterwards that his comrades used to bet with each other as to who would kill the greatest number of Russians from the tops of the birch trees. The sport was so exciting that the stakes rose rapidly from five to ten marks!

Little by little the hill achieved a funereal celebrity. The men gave it scores of not wholly flattering names; the officers were fairly beside themselves.

This could not be endured. Something must be done to put an end to the butchery. But what? To scramble up the steep hillside in an assault would be folly. There were a dozen machine guns at the summit. Three-quarters of our men would have been mowed down before they were half-way to the summit. And in front of the hostile trenches there were four rows of barbed-wire entanglements. It was finally decided that mines were the only recourse. No sooner was the idea suggested than our sappers and miners threw themselves into the work. Two weeks later the enemy's trenches were blown into the air. Profiting by the confusion created by the explosion, our infantry charged with fixed bayonets and the trenches were taken with scarcely a resisting shot.

Thus fell the Golden Hill. To-day it is one of our safest and quietest positions.

The enemy and we have exchanged rôles. It is we who hold the summit. The Germans are below, near a little hamlet, intrenched in a ravine. Their positions are as clear to us as if they were on the palms of our hands. But they don't risk showing themselves. At the least movement a cloud of our bullets would envelop them.

I enter the ruined trenches where only lately I could hear the sound of the German language and see the German helmets shining in the sun. It is possible now to walk about without any fear of being shot down like a partridge on the top of a tree. At the spot where the explosion of the mine took place all is chaos. Great trees a hundred years old are torn up by the roots; about a great pit, dozens of meters in depth, lie piles of stones, timbers blown out of the trench huts, and tangles of wire brambles cut to pieces. Among the débris and in the gaping earth articles of equipment are half buried—crushed helmets, knapsacks, uniforms, and the locks and latches of the trench huts. The trees and shrubs which have been left standing are in a miserable condition, with their tops broken or cut by the shells and their trunks and branches marred from top to bottom by the scars of bullets. It looks as if a geyser of molten lead had spouted on the surrounding region, or as if some troop of antediluvian monsters had passed, breaking and crashing everything as they went.

The exploding mine had killed or wounded a hundred men, some of whom were buried under the earth or crushed by the falling roofs of the trench huts. If we could have gone to work in the ruins the first day, when it was still possible to hear groans coming from the depths, we could have saved a goodly number. But in war the demands of military tactics drive out every other consideration, even that of human succor. The immediate thing to do was to fortify our new position, to dig new trenches, construct parapets, loopholes, and *chevaux de frise*. Every moment was precious. We expected a counter-attack. We could not take up the work upon the ruins until the third day, and then there was not to be found a living soul.

The explosion of the mine had suddenly and completely surprised the Germans. Protected by their machine guns and by their solid outworks, they were certain that their position was impregnable, and had abandoned themselves to peace and quiet in their trench huts. In one place we found the bodies of a group of seven men whom the explosion had surprised at a game of cards. Beside them were playing-cards, money, and half-empty bottles. When the terrible crash burst upon their ears and everything literally leaped into the air, the soldiers who were not wounded lost their heads and took flight, throwing to one side their belongings, even their guns. Our men found among this booty all sorts of preserves, chocolates, wines, bonbons, cigarettes, and cigars. But our men, little accustomed to luxury, paid slight attention to these delicacies. Most of the men, indeed, refused to touch them.

They paid much more attention, however, to the warm greatcoats or cloaks which the German soldiers carry in their equipment, and which they had abandoned or thrown aside in their flight. This clothing, cleaned and dried after it had been rescued with great care from the ruins, was looked on with great favor.

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The half-ruined trenches were connected with deep and carefully concealed passages of communication leading to the rear. There is one such passage every fifteen feet or so. The first time that one enters this labyrinth he runs the risk of getting lost. In order to permit newcomers to find their way, there is at each junction a little tablet with directions on it—a sort of street signboard—such, for example, as, "To the lower battery." These signs are of wood. The words are carefully written in black ink. When our soldiers saw these, they were delighted. "It's astonishing," they said, "how these Germans manage things! One would think himself in the streets of Petrograd—on Nevski Prospect or in Dementiev Lane. It is arranged so a man won't get lost. The German is a clever fellow. He thinks of everything!"

At a corner of one of these avenues I stumbled on a group of our men who were taking tea under the parapet. On the ground beside them were the steaming tea-kettle, glasses, bread. Their faces bore a beatific expression. One of the banqueters, a relative of mine, called out to me, hospitably:

"Will you take tea with us—tea with jam?"

"With jam? For heaven's sake, where did you get jam? A box from home?"

"A box from home! Of course not. How could a box from home get here? No; we discovered a German knapsack hanging on a tree. The explosion flung it there. One of us climbed up and got it. In it were cigarettes, letters, and this jam."

He showed me the pot of alleged jam. It was of the color of violets. I took it and burst into laughter. It was solidified denatured alcohol to burn in a spirit lamp.

"But," said I, "do you know that this jam of yours could send you into the next world in short order? It is denatured alcohol. You will all be terribly ill."

"Is it possible," they said, "that this is nothing but solid *denatourate?* Why, we thought it surely was jam, or at least concentrated wine. And we have put it in our tea! Think of it! if a scientific man had not come along, we should have run the risk of poisoning ourselves!"

I enter my hut. Day begins to break. Exhausted by their night duty, the soldiers stretch themselves out in the trench, rolled up in the precious cloaks which the enemy left behind. Down there in the ravine the hamlet occupied by the Germans begins to take on the bluish tinge of the morning twilight.

My word, but it is comfortable up here on the Golden Hill!

THE READER'S VIEW

BIOGRAPHY IN SECONDARY SCHOOLS

No student of secondary education will deny that we have great need for anything that will take hold of the adolescent boy and inspire him with faith in himself and a determination to make the most of his life. That we have so little of an inspirational nature in our secondary course of study may be one of the great reasons for there being 255,344 boys in the first year and only 81,592 in the fourth year of the secondary schools of the United States. Those who believe in secondary education must do all they can to keep these 173,752 boys from dropping out.

Up to the present time efforts to keep the boys in school have been confined almost entirely to the introduction of courses of study that are of a mechanical nature, and within five years the percentage of those dropping out has been reduced from seventy-four per cent to sixty-seven per cent. Without in any way discounting the work that has been done along this line and the success attained in reducing this loss, it is evident that there is still room for improvement.

The introduction of manual training and such courses has been largely a concession on the part of educators to the wishes of the boys and of the men whose business it is to develop industries. This has been a process of helping boys to go where they wished to go by a better road. There is another side to education. That is to get boys to want to go to a better place than that of their immature selection, and to help them on their way to that better place. It is believed that the introduction of courses in biography will result in great good along this line.

The testimony of a great majority of those men who have contributed most to the progress of the world is to the effect that the consideration of the struggles and achievements of other men has meant more to them than has anything else. The contemplation of the life of a great man has two distinct results. One is that it gives faith in times of discouragement, and the other is that it tends to the creation of higher

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ideals. "Lives of great men all remind us we can make our lives sublime." "As one lamp lights another, nor grows less, so nobleness enkindleth nobleness."

Boys of adolescent age are more susceptible to the influence of others than are mature men. These boys are hero worshipers, and their lives are being shaped by the lives of their heroes. It is most interesting, and sometimes appalling, to note the change of a boy's worship from one hero to another. It is very true that "we send our boys to school and their fellow-students educate them." A wisely conducted study of the life of a great man makes that man a companion of the students and gives them a chance to worship a great hero. The larger the number of these great companions, the more impossible it is for these students to live ignoble lives. A long while ago Plutarch realized this and wrote his "Lives" for Roman youth. We have forgotten.

So far as it has been possible to get information, there is only one school in the United States that has introduced a regular course in biography, and there the work is not such as it should be. The first difficulty to be noted is that there are not available such biographies as are especially adapted to such work. The need is for texts that will deal with the early life of great men in such a way as to make clear the foundations upon which their greatness was founded. The texts now available deal with the lives of men after they have become great. The second difficulty is that the higher institutions have not given the same recognition to this course as they have given to other preparatory courses, and students are compelled to leave that out because they must have the proper number of credits before they are admitted to college. The colleges, however, are not to be censured for not having given this recognition, because the question has never been considered. It would be unfair to say more than that they had not thought of the value of such work.

It is true that some work in biography is done in all good schools, but it is done as a side issue in either a course in English or in a course in history, and it is impossible to give the subject due consideration. The courses in English and in history demand that very little time shall be spent in consideration of private men, and demand that the time that is spent shall be given to a consideration of what these men did in literature or in the affairs of state. In this way it happens that the great men are so far removed from the affairs of every-day life that they have little effect as an inspiration or as an example to a young boy or young man. It is when a boy first meets another boy and recognizes his difficulties and achievements in boyhood, and then sees this same boy wielding great power when he has attained to manhood, that the one who is watching says, "I, too, can do great things."

The study of biography has not only an inspirational value but also a great sustaining value. It makes clear that he who would accomplish great things must expect great difficulties, and often brings a struggling man to think of his own difficulties as God's compliment to his strength.

Why not acquaint our boys with the boyhood and young manhood of those who have added most to the wealth of the world?

WILLIAM HOLMES DAVIS.

Danville, Virginia.

AMATEUR ATHLETICS AND THE WESTERN CONFERENCE

I beg leave to offer a few comments upon your editorial which appeared in the issue of November 24, 1915, under the caption "The Western Conference and Amateur Athletics."

1. In this editorial you say: "The undergraduates of universities comprising the Western Intercollegiate Conference are apparently of the opinion that the bar between professional and amateur college athletes should be lowered. An election, held simultaneously in the institutions, returned a majority of seven to one against the summer baseball ruling."

According to your figures, which are approximately correct, 4,474 students, in seven Conference institutions, voted, in effect, to abolish the amateur rule and 627 voted in the opposition. Thus about 5,000 students, in round numbers, voted on the proposition. Now in these seven institutions there were last year, according to published reports, 34,032 students. In other words, only fifteen per cent of the student enrollment voted. It might be argued that a part of this enrollment is composed of summer school students, who had no opportunity to vote, and of women, a large part of whom, perhaps, might not be expected to vote. Deducting 15,000 for these two classes (an excessive reduction), not more than one student in four participated in the "straw" vote. The logical inference is that an overwhelming majority of the students in these institutions were either not interested in the matter or did not feel well enough informed in regard to the merits of the case to vote intelligently. In the light of these facts, does not your editorial attribute to the "straw" vote an importance and a conclusiveness which it does not possess?

2. You also say: "The election was precipitated by an action of the Senate of the University of Illinois, a body composed of all instructional officers of full professorial rank." As a matter of fact, the election was "precipitated" in a very different way. A few weeks ago the captain of the football team of the University of Minnesota was disqualified for professionalism. He was then dismissed from the University because he posed as an amateur

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when he knew he was a professional. Immediately after this action was taken the managing editor of the student paper of the University of Minnesota sent a night letter (October 24, 1915) to the editor of the student paper at each of the other Conference institutions, requesting that a "straw" vote be taken "to feel out student sentiment on summer baseball rule." It is also interesting to note in this connection that 1,832 out of the 4,474 votes which were cast against the amateur rule were cast at the University of Minnesota, where the movement for the "straw" vote originated, and where the agitation in the student paper was most spirited.

3. You also say: "Northwestern University and Purdue University did not think it worth while even to vote, because their athletic associations believed sentiment to be unanimously opposed to the present rule." I cannot, of course, speak for Northwestern University, but I can speak for Purdue in this matter very definitely. The proposition for a "straw" vote never came before the Purdue Athletic Association. Why the editor of the student paper declined to take up the matter I do not know. I have not inquired. I do know, however, that sentiment here is not "unanimously opposed to the present rule"—nor is it anywhere else, for that matter.

4. Again you say: "Should the Conference obey the voice of the undergraduates, as emphatically expressed in this vote, . . . the result is not regarded in the West as endangering the amateur status of university athletics." In support of this very rash generalization you say that "undergraduates appear to believe that the actual amateur standing of the men who compose the teams will not be changed," and you quote a well-known athletic leader as saying, "Remove the rule . . . and the actual amateur standing of college athletes will not be changed."

Undoubtedly many undergraduates and athletic coaches in the Middle West would subscribe to the above statement, but many others would hold just as vigorously to the opposite view. For example, I might refer in this connection to the views of Professor A. A. Stagg, of the University of Chicago, who has probably done more than any other man for intercollegiate athletics in the Middle West. In the course of an article in the "Daily Maroon" for November 3, 1915, Professor Stagg expressed himself in part as follows: "Playing baseball for money in the summer-time comes under the rule against professionalism. . . . As I view it, the health of intercollegiate athletics stands or falls on the rule against professionalism. The moment that you throw down the bars and lower the ideals of intercollegiate athletics, at that moment, in my opinion, intercollegiate athletics are doomed."

A reader not familiar with the facts might easily infer from your editorial that the advocates of professionalism in intercollegiate athletics were having it all their own way in the Middle West at the present time. This is not true. Sentiment is sharply divided, and it is not correct to say, as you do in your editorial, that the abolition of the amateur rule "is not regarded in the West as endangering the amateur status of university athletics." It would certainly be so regarded by many men whose views are entitled to serious consideration. This matter will come up for discussion in the meeting of the Intercollegiate Conference, which will be held in Chicago on the 4th of December, and you may be sure that the case for the amateur standard will not be permitted to go by default.

THOMAS F. MORAN.

Purdue University,
Lafayette, Indiana.

[Action at the University of Illinois preceded that taken by the "Minnesota Daily" by twenty days. On October 4 the Senate of the University of Illinois passed a resolution instructing the Conference representative from Illinois to vote for the abolition of the present rule against summer baseball. Immediately following this action the editor of the "Daily Illini," the student publication of the University of Illinois, asked his readers the question, What do students think about it? In its news columns and its editorials the "Daily Illini" emphasized the action of the University Senate and endeavored to sound student sentiment on the proposed change in the Conference ruling. As Professor Moran states in his letter, the night letter sent out by the editor of the "Minnesota Daily" did not reach the students of the Conference until after October 24.

Concerning the straw vote, Professor Moran's figures show that nearly thirty per cent of those students likely to take an interest in college athletics voted upon the proposition to abolish the present summer baseball ruling. The fact that only 627 out of the 4,474 students who voted took a stand in favor of a strict interpretation of the amateur spirit still seems to us unpleasantly significant. We think, however, that Professor Moran is right in regarding our generalization as too broad under the circumstances.

We are glad to report the fact that at the Intercollegiate Conference held on December 4, to which Professor Moran refers in his letter, the various representatives, acting under the instruction of the faculties of the Conference universities, voted by a two-thirds vote to maintain the present ruling against summer baseball. This action furnishes strong corroboration of Professor Moran's belief that summer baseball will not have as easy sledding (if we may mix both our metaphor and our seasons) in the Middle West as we had feared it might have from the straw vote of the students in the Western Conference.—THE EDITORS.]

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BY THE WAY

Horses as well as men get nervous breakdowns at the front, according to a letter quoted in "Rider and Driver." Some of these horses are sent back to England for recuperation. The writer describes an army remount stable in Berkshire, run entirely by women. "The horses go there frightened, ill, and wild. In a month they are quiet as pet dogs, and in hard condition. The secret is that with the quiet, gentle handling of these skilled women, the horses' nerves get a rest and they recuperate in a marvelously short time."

New Orleans is said to be now a ratless city, as a result of fifteen months' work following the appearance of a few cases of bubonic plague. Rats, which carry this plague, were practically exterminated within the city, a force of 600 rat-catchers being employed, who on a single day caught 1,708 of the plague-carriers. In addition, docks and buildings have been made rat-proof, as a preventive measure.

A man who was making an address before some Sunday-school children, the "Christian Register" says, had occasion to use the word "epitome." Realizing that the word might need explanation to his young audience, he simplified the matter by saying that "epitome" meant "an abbreviated synopsis"!

In times when most of the theatrical stars have gone into the movies, it is perhaps worthy of note that a particularly successful actor, Chauncey Olcott, has, it is said, refused an offer of $25,000 to appear on the screen in "Mavourneen," one of his leading plays; he prefers to wait for an expected revival of interest in "the legitimate."

The "North American Review," in publishing an article by Sydney Brooks on "The New England," notes that the article would have appeared in an earlier issue but for the fact that the original MS. went down in the Hesperian when that vessel was destroyed in September. Among generous tributes to a foe this sentence from Mr. Brooks's article is worthy of a place: "The cohesion and the unanimity of selfless devotion which Germany has displayed throughout her titanic effort are as much beyond our present British reach as are the intelligence and foresight with which she has marshaled and turned to account all her resources of human and material energy."

The controversy over the name of the great mountain between Seattle and Tacoma still continues. An evidence of a *rapprochement*, however, comes in a circular which states that the Congregational churches of the two cities have united in asking the Geographic Board of the United States to call for testimony as to the name given to the mountain by the Indians, and its adoption instead of the present official name, Mount Rainier. Curiously, the circular makes no mention as to what the supposed aboriginal name may have been. Have we heard that the Indians called the mountain Tacoma?

Manufacturers have different ideas as to the policy of admitting visitors to inspect their plants. A trade journal illustrates the extremes by two contrasting methods. One is that of a Chicago firm whose manager, when asked by a visitor for the privilege of seeing his plant, replied, "We don't let rubbernecks in." The Curtis Publishing Company, of Philadelphia, on the other hand, not only admits visitors, but employs a staff of guides to explain all details to the many persons who daily call at its offices.

The municipal asphalt plant of New York has "made good," according to its superintendent's report for the first year's operation. Nearly 300,000 square yards of sheet asphalt were laid, at an approximate cost of one dollar per yard. Former contract prices for this work were about fifty per cent higher. Thus a saving of $140,000 was effected in one year. With some of the money saved, motor vehicles were bought, with a further saving in money and efficiency.

An interesting exchange of international ideas is involved in the statement that Japan is to get from Italy a submarine of the most advanced construction The boat, to be constructed by a Turin firm, will, it is stated, be as fast as any modern battle-ship, and will be able to travel 6,000 miles without replenishing its fuel. The hull will be built in Japan, under the supervision of Italian engineers, while Japanese engineers will go to Turin to study the methods of making this remarkable under-sea boat.

"In every city in the United States where there are more than twenty Albanians there is an Albanian Club. . . . They hold no dances in these clubs. Many of them serve as evening schools. Their purpose is: Liberty, Fraternity, Justice." So says the "Albanian Era," which, strangely enough, is published in Denver, Colorado, and is edited by John Adams. It states that there are 40,000 Albanians, mostly young men, in this country. "They are convinced that they have now no friends in Europe and solicit earnestly the friendship of the United States."

One locality in New York City which holds its own as against the "uptown movement" is Washington Square. According to the recently issued "Social Register," in that region of old-fashioned mansions there are about the same number of prominent residents as in 1888, when the "Register" was first published. Fifth Avenue and Sixty-seventh Street is now the "social center" of the city; twenty-five years ago it was at Thirty-seventh Street and the same fashionable thoroughfare.

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